

# Catholic Digest

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***The Third Secret  
of Fatima***

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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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# The Third Secret of Fatima

*The world may know it in 1960*

By APRIL OURSLER ARMSTRONG and MARTIN F. ARMSTRONG

Condensed from "Fatima: Pilgrimage to Peace"\*

LUCY SANTOS, the last of the three children to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Fatima in 1917, is now a member of the Carmelite Order. She lives in a convent in the ancient Portuguese university town of Coimbra, almost completely isolated from the world. She spends her days in prayer and meditation.

She says that she does not think it God's will for her to appear before the world as a prophetess. But she says that in 1917, Our Lady told her that a "strange and unknown light in the sky" would be

a sign that God was about to punish the world with war. The most brilliant aurora borealis ever seen in Europe appeared January 24 and 25, 1938. Lucy took this for the sign foretold by Our Lady and conveyed the 1917 message to the authorities. Hitler's armies marched into defenseless Austria March 11, 1938.

When Eugenio Pacelli in 1939 became Pius XII, Lucy, at the bidding of her spiritual directors, wrote him that Our Lady had, in 1917, asked the consecration of Russia. In July, 1952, he made a special consecration of all the peoples of Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

But one part of her secret is still to be revealed. Dating from 1917, it is still locked in tantalizing silence.

We had heard many stories about this third secret, some quite appal-

ling. We had heard from credible sources that the Holy Father had read it and had fallen sobbing to his knees. We had heard from equally reliable lips that no one in the world had read it. Some said it contained the date of the end of the world. Others said with round-eyed solemnity that it dealt



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with the coming of the Antichrist. We had heard speculations that, when opened, it would be found to deal with events that had already happened.

Everyone agreed that the secret was in the keeping of the Bishop of Leiria and absolutely could not be opened until 1960. But a news story in a most unsensational paper asserted that, though it could not be opened before that date, there was no guarantee, no binding reason, why its revelations could not then be postponed till a much later date.

Being secret-lovers ourselves, we resolved to do our utmost to learn the truth about that last secret once we reached Portugal.

Leiria had no bishop in the days of the apparitions. The Church in Portugal had been outlawed in 1910. But in May, 1920, Pope Benedict XV restored the old diocese of Leiria and appointed as bishop Dom José Alves Correia da Silva.

He had chosen no ordinary priest to whom to entrust the destiny of Fatima. Dom José, then 43, possessed extraordinary education and deep devotion to Our Lady. His people say that in the persecution he was forced to stand for grim, endless hours in water so cold that his legs came close to freezing. Today he is a cripple, confined to a wheel chair. Through prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows, he won his freedom from the republic, and in gratitude he made six pilgrimages

to Lourdes to implore Our Lady's help for Portugal before lightning ever flashed in the Cova.

As Bishop of Leiria in 1920, Dom José took over the problems of Fatima. He it was who sent Lucy away to the boarding school and eventually to the Dorothean convent. He was the one who set up the commission to investigate the truth of the apparitions. A devout man, but cautious, he did not issue his formal approval of the cult until October, 1930, exactly 13 years after the miracle of the sun.

Slowly, under his conservative leadership, Fatima has grown. From the first, he has been determined that no taint of commercialism shall mar this shrine. Staunchly and humbly, he has resisted every attempt to introduce what his critics say are only "modern conveniences." There are no hotels in Fatima, no restaurants, only a few bare *pensões* and hospices, and five or six quietly run religious shops. The only new buildings he has permitted are monasteries and convents and a few private homes. No one will make a fortune out of Our Lady of Fatima as long as Dom José lives.

To this man Lucy has entrusted the one remaining secret which Our Lady gave to her.

We drove through the dark winding road from Fatima to the town of Leiria. It was a bit crowded physically and linguistically in the car. Besides ourselves and the



driver, we had with us Father Aldo, the Italian rector of Consolata; Hugh Ferguson, a Scotch friend; and another pilgrim like ourselves, Father Ado Trabold, a German-born priest traveling on a British passport, returning to Europe for the first time in 24 years after working in Korea and Tanganyika.

The bishop's office is an absent-minded professor's paradise. Musty, book-lined, it boasts four tall windows, firmly boarded shut. Tables and chairs are buried beneath papers and pamphlets and towers of books. Yet what seems to be chaos proves to be uniquely in order. Just as a carpenter litters his workshop with shavings and sawdust and odd pieces of wood to be used at a later date, so this indefatigable priest surrounds himself with the ingredients of his mountainous labors. It is a comfortable, reassuringly human room.

A wheel chair waited near the door. The bishop himself was seated behind a small desk in the dusky far left corner, smiling at our bewilderment.

At 76, Dom José is helplessly infirm. His fingers are swollen and cold, and his left eye is affected. His smile is beautiful. The round, clear-skinned face under his thin white hair speaks of peace and the happiness of hard work. The shadow that crosses it now and then is more of pity grown from wisdom than it is of pain. His one good

eye is alert, and appraising, and indescribably kind.

After greetings and explanations of our visit, we began to ask the bishop what he thought of the message of Fatima. Could it really bring peace to the world? Here was a man who had seen communism win an agonizing grip on his own country, had suffered torture under the persecution, and had seen peace and God return to his homeland.

"How responsible is Our Lady of Fatima for the change in Portugal? Or would communism have died a natural death without her?"

"Never! She alone has saved our land," came the answer. "She is responsible for all that has happened, completely. For every change. Political. Moral. Social. Spiritual."

"If the rest of the world were to follow Fatima's message, as Portugal has, would there be peace?"

A smile of pity for such a question. "Of course!"

"Each part of the secret that has been revealed has added to our knowledge of the world's destiny between peace and war. The last, unopened secret is, we understand, in your care?"

"Yes."

"We have heard that there is a copy of the letter in which Lucy wrote the secret, a copy in the Vatican?"

"No. There is no copy. And no one has read it. I have the secret, and I have not read it."

"What," we asked timidly, "if it got lost, or destroyed?"

"Why should it? How could it? And Lucy is still alive. She could write it again."

Canon Galamba, the bishop's right hand man, came in and joined us. He spoke fluent English.

"The secret? The letter? Ah." He grinned. "So many stories about the secret. That the Holy Father read it and fainted. That a copy is buried in a time bomb. So many stories, all wrong. It is here, without a copy, and I see by your eyes that you wonder how we will ever find it in this—uh—confusion."

"Or in a fire?" asked Father Trabold. "If Lucy is dead and the letter is gone, what will you do? Has the secret so little importance that you do not make a copy?"

"You have heard," asked Canon Galamba, "that the secret cannot be opened till 1960?"

We nodded. On that one date every report had agreed.

"That is not quite true. The bishop could open it at any time he wishes. Now. Yesterday. Even years ago. But he will not."

One foot poised on a chair, Canon Galamba leaned forward. "I was with him visiting Lucy one day years ago. Lucy said that now she could reveal the last part of the secret if the bishop wanted her to. He did not want to hear it. He asked her finally to write it down and seal it. He could have read it then, but he would not. So Lucy

agreed. But she made him promise that it would definitely be opened and released to the world at her death, or in 1960, whichever came first."

"But why doesn't he want to know what it is? Why doesn't he tell the world what it is?"

"I asked him that many times," said Canon Galamba. "And always he says, 'It is not for me to interfere. Heaven's secrets are not for me, and I do not want that responsibility, too.'"

Father Trabold, the pilgrim missionary, was braver than we. "Doesn't that mean he is shirking his responsibility?" he asked.

"No. He believes that if God wanted it revealed right now, He would have said so specifically. Lucy only said she could reveal it now, if the bishop asked. She did not say it must be now. The dates were set after a discussion between the bishop and Lucy."

For a moment, silence sat beside us in that dim, warm room. A million questions buzzed in our minds. Finally April spoke. "If it were I, I would have opened it right away!"

Canon Galamba's lips twitched as he translated her words to the bishop. A smile wrinkled that patient, old face as Dom José leaned toward her and spoke in the gentlest of tones.

"He says," Canon Galamba laughed, "that is why they do not make women bishops, my child!"

# Red Slavery Breaks Hearts

*The law of the concentration camp  
rules a third of the world's peoples*

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Condensed from "Religion Behind the  
Iron Curtain"\*



I HAVE KNOWN most of the countries now called the "people's democracies." They were not paradises. There was poverty of the worst kind in many of them. There was injustice. There was hatred. But there was also humanity.

Everybody had a share in at least three great ideas. There was the dream of economic improvement, no longer wholly a dream. Then there was the ideal of nationhood. And finally, there was the mystical solidarity of the Christian (or the Jewish) community. One could see the ugly passions of the illiterate and the prejudiced. But there were also the great loves: love of the tiller for the soil, of the boys for the girls, of a people for the Virgin Mary.

And now? The iron heel has come down. The concentration camp is the law of the land. Two purposes are served by it. Human beings can be used as beasts of

burden in carrying out government enterprises. Secondly, if anyone is suspected of disloyalty, "sabotage," or difference of opinion, he can be removed from normal social life.

Soviet society is a Gargantuan feat of human engineering. It is possible for its planners to compute the development of industry in terms of the hours of work that men and women can perform. Farms are collectivized not merely because landowners are likely to have ideas of freedom, but because a surplus rural population can then be put to work on industrial projects. City merchants can be made into a "vagrant" and therefore usable population by limiting the number of stores.

Imagine that the U.S. set out to create the largest conceivable WPA. To this would be assigned all older people, all gentlemen of leisure, and all unemployed housewives. Everyone would be paid just what his work produced in terms of im-

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mediate economic value, and no more. If no such value could be perceived, the government would furnish a food ration calculated to keep the worker barely alive.

Grant that Americans could even conceive of doing something like this; we should still have a long way to go before we got to the Soviet system. For example, we should have to cut down the amount of time during which pregnant women could remain away from work. In Eastern Germany, the Reds cut such time recently by nearly five months. We should also have to develop a fanatical pleasure in devising ways for putting everybody who disapproved of our WPA projects to work on them.

Instead of mortgaging future generations to maintain a vast defense (as we in the U.S. are doing), the Soviet system takes from the living who fall into its clutches literally everything. There is in this cruel Soviet experiment a lesson which every American ought to take to heart: we shall be able to compete in the long run only by voluntarily making sacrifices, of labor and of money, of pleasures and rewards.

The concentration camps in Russia are roughly of three kinds: the stockades in industrial areas which house the unskilled slave labor of local industry or of the collective farms; the penal districts proper in the far North and East of the Soviet Union; and the colonization

projects for compulsory resettlement of whole folk groups such as the Tartars of the Crimea.

Not one place of confinement has been reported in which the minimum standards of penal practice observed anywhere in the U.S. are in force. Indeed, reliable sources indicate that Buchenwald and Dachau have been duplicated many times. The same methods of camp rule, the same use of criminals and rowdies as trustees, the same lack of food and clothing, the same abominably bad medical attention, have been described over and over again by survivors. The average inmate of a camp lives five years. He is hounded and starved, vilified and dehumanized.

But what most astonishes everyone is the extent of the slave-labor population. German ex-prisoners have reported that in some areas one in every seven Russians is systematically sent to a concentration camp. The camps seem to be taken for granted, just as are disease and death. Even if one discounts heavily the available estimates, it seems highly probable that at least 20 million Russians have been among the victims. Forced labor has become one of the most virulent plagues in history. The total number of those enslaved by the nazis and communists far outdistance the number of those who died as a result of both world wars.

Existence in the slave-labor camps in Russia itself is subhuman.

This word tells everything. Hunger, toil, illness, theft, murder, corruption, bribery, and mental suffering are dominant. The prisoners are corralled by thousands in isolated zones of the camp. The barracks have beds of wooden slabs arranged in tiers of two, with occasional tables and stools. Very few have either straw sacks or covers.

There is not a book or a newspaper in the camp. Possession of a pencil is a punishable offense.

During winter, the barracks are warmed a little by the presence of so many human beings. Heating is sporadic, because the coal supply is never adequate. There is no opportunity to wash. The prisoners are in tatters and covered with lice. All good articles of clothing are taken away and sold.

The camp is ruled with an iron fist. The criminals in control make the camp a place where they can exercise bloody dominion with knives and clubs. Persons who are not liked or are deemed undesirable competitors for power are placed on a death list. The killers are chosen by lot. Then at the appointed hour in the night they pounce on their victim and hack him to pieces.

There are also concentration camps in the satellite countries, called in communist language "people's democracies." It has been estimated that more than 1 million persons have been sent to such camps.

The number of camps reported by persons who say they have been there is so vast that their names would fill a small directory. Thus 179 have been reported from Czechoslovakia alone. If the information gathered is correct, there are at least 600 slave-labor camps in the "people's democracies."

Liability to a forced-labor sentence is broadly defined. Thus, one Czech decree stipulates that "persons who are not less than 18 and not more than 60 years of age, and are physically and mentally capable of working but evade work or threaten the establishment of the people's democratic order," can be sent to work camps. No one may change his place of employment unless the responsible authorities permit it. Perhaps the harshest law is that which holds the trade unions responsible for production but deprives them of every right to defend workers against the state.

Boiled down to its essentials, the system compels every laboring man to give the last ounce of his energy regardless of whether he is a worker or a slave.

In these peculiar circumstances, it is rather strange that while the slave laborer's dinner normally consists of coffee and three potatoes, it is followed by a lecture on the blessings of Marxism.

A social system of this character cannot tolerate sabotage, even if that is mere opposition to the aims of the rulers; for any thought,

word, or deed which deprives the masters of even so much as an hour of a worker's time, or which places upon them the burden of defending any action they have taken, represents a loss of precious human energy.

Therefore the Church in the Red-dominated countries was doomed from the outset. It professed a spiritual view of life at odds with dialectical materialism. It was an obstacle to the full and unrestricted use of human beings.

At first, in nearly all the "people's democracies," peasant congregations attempted to defend their pastors, and there are numberless stories of victorious clashes with communist police. Gradually, however, self-defense became impossible.

Today life goes wearily on. Now the threat of the prison camp underlines every word of the daily propaganda.

People outside the Russian orbit find Red propaganda bizarre. But when one is long exposed to it he may well find its pattern of suggestion difficult if not impossible to escape. Thus the British Broadcasting Corp. reports that a young Russian escapee wrote them that he was disappointed to hear so many references to democracy. This, he thought, was what existed in Russia, and was therefore precisely

what he was so anxious to escape.

The Reds' constant reiteration of the statement that miracles do not occur conflicts with the traditional Christian view that God will answer prayer. Many men and women, when they see no direct and tangible divine response, may well begin to doubt. Communism pounces upon this doubt. The victim whose soul is thus devoured may not even be aware of what is happening. But he will become spiritually listless and anemic. He will no longer see essential things clearly.

Those who are most nearly immune are either the very intelligent, or the simple and clean of heart. The former have a high awareness of what alone is permanent. The latter remain uncontaminated because the propaganda merely rolls off the granite walls of conscience.

Many Russians have remained loyal to faith, hope, and love. The passion for holiness—oldest, deepest, and most beautiful of human desires—may, indeed, be stronger among them than it is in our midst. But there is no medium through which it can find expression. It is not easy to sing after heartbreak. Nevertheless, we know that the faithful ones are there. We must make every effort to reach out to them.

✱   ✱   ✱

YOUR dreams are more likely to come true if you don't oversleep.

James J. O'Reilly in *Your Life* (Nov. '53).



# Stop This Sunday Shopping

*Commercial activity on the Lord's day  
has reached scandalous proportions*

By BOB SENSER

Condensed from *The Way of St. Francis*\*

YOUR HUSBAND has helped you with Saturday housecleaning, and you're both tired. So you say, "Honey, I already have the roast for tomorrow; why don't we do the rest of the shopping on our way home from Mass?"

The habit can start that simply. Soon your family becomes one of the growing number that regard Sunday as a regular shopping day. Your dollars, along with millions of others, help make Sunday a booming business day for more and more grocery stores, auto dealers, furniture stores, and other establishments.

Every family must at times do emergency buying on Sunday. There's the extra quart of milk for the large family, or the boiled ham for the unexpected guests, or the medicine for a sudden ailment. But the little delicatessen and the corner drugstore could handle such emergencies. The supermarkets, the auto salesrooms, and other Sunday stores, however, are geared to patrons who deliberately plan their buying on the Lord's day.

The trend has become so alarm-

ing that committees have been formed in at least a half dozen cities to fight business-as-usual on Sunday. In Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Columbus, Ohio, for example, both Catholics and Protestants are waging organized campaigns for the proper observance of Sunday.

Such groups have the blessing of Pope Pius XII. The Pope has listed the "sanctification of Sunday" as

## *The First Sabbaths*

During their wanderings in the wilderness God provided His chosen people with manna for food. But there was no manna yield on the seventh day; on the preceding day a much greater quantity fell; and the manna reserved for the seventh day did not spoil. Moses explained the variations as inducements to keep the seventh day holy by abstaining from work.

From *History of the Old Testament*  
by Paul Heinisch

\*109 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Calif. October, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.



No. 2 on a five-point program for action in today's world.

"Sunday must become again the day of the Lord, the day of adoration, of glorification of God, of the holy Sacrifice, of prayer, of rest, of recollection and reflection, the day of happy reunion in the intimate circle of the family," the Pope said in 1947, and then pleaded, "Help to give Sunday back to God, to Christ, to the Church, to peace, and to the happiness of families."

Sunday shopping helps to turn the day in the opposite direction, away from God, the Church, and family life. In modern times, in an age when we are highly dependent on each other, there already are many people who *must* work on the Lord's day: the streetcar conductor, the telephone operator, and the fireman, for instance. But every dollar we spend unnecessarily on Sunday opens the gate wider to more and more servile work on that day.

This problem was dramatized in Denver on billboard signs sponsored by two AFL local unions. The billboards showed a lonesome little girl asking, "Please let my daddy stay home with me on Sunday. Let him go to church with me. Don't buy meat or groceries in Sunday stores, then my daddy will have to work on Sunday too."

Most unions stand together on

this issue. In New York two years ago, even the Hebrew Butchers' union opposed a state bill that would have permitted kosher butcher shops to open their doors on Sunday.

Most store owners would prefer not to open on that day. But in city after city the story is the same: store chain X finds that many of its customers want service seven days a week, and it decides to capitalize on the situation. Then chains Y and Z follow suit, to meet the com-

petition. Before long, the trend snowballs into other lines of business. Even firms whose doors aren't open will advertise, "Phone orders accepted on Sunday."

The repercussions don't stop there. Radio and television commercials do the rest. Young and old

alike learn a new virtue: taking the whole family out to Smith's auto salesrooms to select a new car on Sunday.

It was this huckstering that the Columbus Area Council of Churches (Protestant) had in mind last year when it declared: "Stores and business places are engaging in extensive and flagrant advertising, brazenly designed to induce people of our city to make Sunday a principal shopping day. Such offenders are taking unfair advantage of the majority of conscientious businessmen, their competi-



tors, who are faithfully closing their business places on the Lord's day."

In Chicago, the auto dealers' association asked the state legislature to ban auto sales on Sunday. The majority of used and new-car dealers there want to give their employees a day for rest and worship, but a maverick minority has prevented them. Thus far the state legislature hasn't passed such a law.

The grocery owners' association in Pueblo, Colo., arguing that "Sunday is a holy day, a family day," backed a proposed city ordinance which would have forbidden the Sunday sale of groceries and meats, but it was decisively defeated in a special city referendum, 9,831 to 5,784.

Legislation doesn't seem to be the answer. A number of states already have laws outlawing unnecessary Sunday business. But these statutes usually become dead-letter "blue laws" unless there is strong citizen support for them.

Sunday commerce is a vicious circle that only the shoppers themselves can break. That's why car stickers and posters being distributed in several cities by the Franciscan tertiaries hammer at this theme: "Stop—don't shop on Sundays."

An intensive campaign to cure Sunday shoppers is under way in Indianapolis. There the Catholic, Methodist, and Episcopalian bishops issued simultaneous statements

supporting an interfaith committee on Sunday observance.

In urging Catholics to end the commercialization of Sunday, Archbishop Paul Schulte of Indianapolis said, "The law of God requires it. The interest of employees and owners and their families requires it. Only the greed of a very few owners and the indifference of many Christians hinder it."

Episcopalian Bishop Richard A. Kirchhoffer declared, "When the people of any community cease to recognize one day of the week as holy, for rest, for recreation, for worship, then the tendency is to put God out of their lives the other days of the week also."

What can you do to fight this commercial trend? Obviously you can start by making sure that your own family confines its buying to weekdays. You can persuade your friends to do likewise. If your grocer does business seven days a week, you might tactfully mention to him (on a weekday) that he and his employees don't belong behind the counter on the Lord's day. The argument for your position, of course, is a simple one. Families decades ago could get along without Sunday shopping; in an age when there were no refrigerators, deep freezers, quick transportation, nor five-day week. Why can't they do so today?

More important than individual persuasion is group effort. If possible, work with one of the organi-

zations which is campaigning for Sunday observance. The problem is such a big one that it is best to have various groups (unions, employers' associations, churches, fraternal organizations) work together to gain widespread public support.

Even extreme action by one group acting alone seldom makes much of a dent. In Chicago two years ago a Catholic organization picketed a big auto dealer whose TV commercials were particularly blatant about being "open Sundays from 9 to 9." The picket signs surprised the salesmen (they couldn't fathom anyone's walking a picket line except for his own personal gain), but the customers kept right on buying cars. For this auto dealer

Sunday is still his busiest day.

Cutting out needless buying and selling is, naturally, only part of what needs to be done to make Sunday the Lord's day. We need to give ourselves to Christ more fully in the Mass. We need to make Sunday the day for the family meal, family recreation, family prayer; for visiting and all-around hospitality—in short, a day of genuine Christian joy.

St. Augustine, with his knack of seeing the whole picture, gives us the ideal to keep in mind. Sunday, he says, foreshadows "the eternal repose not only of the spirit but also of the body." Sunday prefigures the day when "we shall rest and see, see and love, love and praise."



### *Lesson for Beginners*

Martin of Tours,  
When he earned his shilling  
Trooping the flags  
Of the Roman Guard  
Came on a poor  
Aching and chilling  
Beggar in rags  
By the barracks yard.

Blind to his lack,  
The Guard went riding.  
But Martin a moment  
Paused and drew  
The coat from his back,  
His sword from hiding,  
And sabered his raiment  
Into two.

Now some who muse  
On the allegory  
Affect to find  
It a pious joke;  
To the beggar what use,  
For Martin what glory  
In deed half-kind  
And part of a cloak?

Still it has charm  
And a point worth seizing.  
For all who move  
In the mortal sun  
Know half-way warm  
Is better than freezing  
As half a love  
Is better than none.

From *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*. Copyright 1954 by Phyllis McGinley, and reprinted with permission of Viking Press. 128 pp. \$3.

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## Courage, Hope and \$3,000

*Lou Pelletier shows what can  
be done when everybody in a  
business can trust each other*

By MILTON LOMASK

Condensed from the *Apostle*\*

**L**OU PELLETIER's friends were telling him he was crazy. By all the rules of the game, he was. Back in 1950, after 30 years of working for others, he was going into business on his own.

The advice from top executives in his field was to abandon the idea unless he could put his hands on a quarter of a million in starting capital.

The most Lou could raise was \$3,000, the life savings of eight \$1.14-an-hour factory hands, their friends, and relatives.

But Lou went ahead. In June, 1950, the Bridgeport Insulated Wire Co., with Lou as president and controlling stockholder, opened shop in a Bridgeport, Conn., auction barn. Lou was successful. Last year the corporation built two more buildings in nearby Stratford, and closed its books on what informed outsiders say was at least a half million dollars of business. Louis Alfred Pelletier had assumed a po-

sition of consequence among the fewer than a dozen American manufacturers specializing in small-gauge magnet wire for the electronics industry.

What made it possible? Military aircraft, using more and more small-size electrical wire; color television sets, which take about three times the magnet wire that goes into black-and-white sets. But over and above these economic wrinkles is the hidden asset pointed out by Angela Petrino, Lou's long-time right-hand woman.

Many times since the company got under way, Angie recalls, Lou has told her to order so many pounds of a certain type of wire. "In the old days," Angie says, "I used to give him a dirty look, and point out that we had no orders calling for such wire and no prospects of any."

"No prospects," Lou would agree. "But buy the wire, and the orders are bound to come along."

That's the way it happened. Not just once, but again and again. Finally Angie Petrino popped the question.

"Where do you keep your crystal ball?" she asked Lou. "How can you tell what kind of orders we're going to get?"

"Why that's simple, Angie," he replied. "I pray!"

Simple as the *Baltimore Catechism*, which Lou Pelletier takes as the guide to his workaday life. Simple as the words of a young woman on the early night shift who has lived in this country only three years.

Her name is Jutta. Jutta sings to herself as she supervises the whirling spindles and clattering arms of a respooling machine. Jutta can remember three years in a concentration camp; she is married to a man who has seen the slave labor compounds of Soviet Russia.

When she hears that a reporter is on the premises, she asks to speak with him. "Put in your story everything that is happy," she says. "Put down that this is a place that was built by people with respect for each other."

An apt description of Bridgeport Insulated. The respect goes both ways, from workers to boss and back again.

Toward the end of last year, an attorney stepped into Lou's office. His anonymous client wished to buy Bridgeport Insulated, lock, stock, and barrel. The offer was

made on condition that Lou continue to operate the business with what the attorney assured him would be a free hand.

"All you'll have to do, Mr. Pelletier," he said, "is keep the wheels turning and collect your checks. My client will take over all responsibility and collect the ulcers." The terms were generous enough to insure Lou a lifetime of substantial security. He consulted his board members, who told him to do what he thought best. Came the day before Christmas. Proudly facing all his employees, Lou passed out the first bonus the company had ever been able to afford. Proudly he passed on the good news.

"Things are coming along," he said. "Only the other day, a fellow offered to buy us out. Pretty good price, too." He paused, aware that the festive look had disappeared from his employees' faces. The look that replaced it gave him his answer. He didn't sell.

Lou Pelletier is not at all the human pile driver one might expect. A wispy man of 48, he stands only five feet, four inches tall, and weighs only 120 pounds.

Lou was fresh out of grammar school when he got his first job driving a bakery wagon in his home town of Hamden, Conn. He was not long for the delivery business, however. He didn't mind getting up at 5 A.M. to start his 10-hour day. But he soon figured that at 25¢ a day he would be a long time

reaching that million dollars it was then thought proper for every American lad to shoot at.

At 14, he was operating a braider in a textile plant, and at 19, he invaded the wire business as mail boy for the Acme Wire Co., of New Haven, Conn. By 1929, he had moved up to \$37.50 a week as a minor supervisor at the Wheeler Insulated Wire Co., then in Bridgeport, and was spending his spare time with blue-eyed Margaret (Blondie) Fucello.

Theirs was a long courtship, not from choice but because of the depression. Lou was laid off at Wheeler's, and beat a retreat back to Hamden. He laid hardwood floors, did errands, mowed lawns. He did anything to finance an occasional trip to see Blondie in Bridgeport.

Finally, in 1934, he got his job back at Wheeler's, and married Blondie. A year later, Ronnie, now a sturdy 18-year-old, was born.

Late in the 1940's, the Sperry Corp. bought Wheeler's, and moved it to Waterbury, Conn. Lou directed the move, and was made assistant general superintendent. Throughout the transfer, Lou worried lest his old Bridgeport friends decide to resign rather than make the daily trip to Waterbury. But most of them stayed on, and Lou, with his old friends around him, was a happy man.

Then something happened. An order came down instructing Lou

to fire a foreman who happened to be one of his oldest and closest friends.

Lou had no choice. At noon, he gave his friend his walking papers, but by 4 P.M., after a succession of phone calls, he had got him a better job down south.

That evening Lou took a long walk. The incident "had taken all the starch" out of him, as far as working for others was concerned. He resolved to found his own outfit and to do his best to see that the communication line between boss and worker never got clogged.

The wisest heads in the business told Lou that he would need a small fortune to start a magnet-wire company. Lou had only his salary, \$135 a week, and a wife and teen-age son to support. He approached his friends among the machine operators at Wheeler's. They asked no questions. One girl pledged \$300. An apprentice electrician put up \$10. The widowed mother of another worker took one look at Lou, liked what she saw in his face, and handed him \$1,500 in cash. She didn't even think to ask for a receipt, and was amused some days later when Lou sent her one in the mail.

Lou raised \$3,000, and spent it right away. A competitor-to-be gave him credit on wire, but about \$700 had to go for expensive insulating fabrics. Rental and deposits on building and utilities came to \$800.

He spent \$300 transporting nine serving machines, the mechanical *sine qua non* of the magnet-wire business. New, each machine would have cost about \$16,000. Lou got the lot for \$1,200 because their previous owner had abandoned them, and left them out in the weather for six months.

When the machines arrived, they were so rusted and grimy that neighbors thought a junk shop was being opened.

A month later, the "junk shop" had become a neat if not yet humming little factory. That's where Angelo Petrino steps onto the stage.

Although Angie has been a working girl for 12 years, she has had only one boss, Lou. He trained her as a machine operator at Wheeler's, and she was one of the first to buy stock in his company.

Illness forced her to leave Wheeler's in March, 1950. She was home convalescing when the phone rang one June morning, and a familiar voice greeted her. "I'm writing letters to drum up business," said Lou. "Come down and help me."

"Impossible," Angie protested. "I haven't touched a typewriter since high school."

"Which reminds me," said Lou. "On your way down, see if you can borrow a typewriter. I'll expect you in ten minutes."

Angie's heart sank as she stepped into the tiny vestibule that for the next three years was to be Bridge-

port Insulated's "executive suite." There was no office equipment of any sort. The landlord, a swap-shop proprietor, had been using the old auction barn for storage. There hadn't been time yet to empty it, and from the debris Lou had extracted a drafting table and two corrugated cartons. For some months, these were to be desk and files.

Before the week was over, Angie was out in the shop helping to recondition the salvaged machinery. The first four employees were taken on, and with August came the first order.

It took about a week to produce it, "but if I remember correctly," says Lou, "we spent at least another week inspecting it. Then we shipped it, and held our breath."

Three days later, it came back, totally rejected.

The second order almost went up in smoke when a fuse box blew and filled the shop with a miniature cyclone. Orders or no orders, there was plenty of work. A 7 A.M. to midnight day became standard. There were some ups but more downs. One morning, a truck backed in with a load of textiles badly needed to complete a pending order. There was not enough cash on hand, so the employees emptied their purses and made up the difference.

You don't think of a factory as having neighbors, of its personnel running next door, so to speak, to



borrow a cup of sugar. But very soon, Bridgeport Insulated had established that kind of relationship all along Brookfield Ave. The borrowing was not all one-sided, either.

With fall, the trickle of orders temporarily fell off, and Mary Sheehan, last to be hired, had to be let out. Every Monday for weeks she called in. "Be smart," Angie kept telling her. "Get yourself another job." But Mary preferred to sweat it out. She was back in two months, and today is supervisor of the serving-machine department.

Today, to be sure, everything is different, externally, that is. Lou has a real desk, on more or less permanent loan from a good friend. Angie, now treasurer and only woman on the seven-director board, has graduated to a secondhand Underwood, an old wooden file, and a somewhat unsteady magazine-table desk. The old auction barn is a whirl of activity, and so are two new buildings.

In the old days, the Pelletiers lived in an apartment. Now they have a modest, ranch-type house in Stratford.

In the gleaming kitchen, Margaret Pelletier reminisces. "I'm the worrying type," she says. "When the going was tough, I worried about that, and now that it's good, I worry about Lou working too hard. I was brought up in a poor family, and I guess when you start

scared, you stay scared." But her blue eyes brighten as she remembers a recent incident.

Lou has always had his heart set on seeing his boy in college. But Ronnie, when he was graduated from Fairfield Preparatory, said, "Nothing doing. I'm a fellow likes to work with his hands. If I went to college, I'd only waste money."

"I never saw anything hit Lou like that," said Mrs. Pelletier. "For a while, I wasn't a wife and mother. I was a referee."

Then one of Lou's commission salesmen, a Catholic convert, got wind of the situation. "I'm going over to Norwalk," he told Lou one Friday afternoon. "Come along. There's a priest there I'd like you to talk to."

"Sorry," said Lou. "My wife's expecting me any minute."

"No she isn't," said the salesman. "I just talked to her. She says you need an evening off."

They piled into the salesman's car. Lou didn't return until Sunday night. He had been shanghaied into a week-end retreat.

"He was fine after that," smiles Mrs. Pelletier. "He even admitted that he was proud of his son for being so honest about college. The boy is working in the shop now until he goes into the service, and he and his father are great friends again." Like everyone else at the flourishing little company that courage, hope, \$3,000 and human decency built.

# Notre Dame's New Football Coach

*Terry Brennan learned a lot from Frank Leahy,  
but he has a technique of his own, too*

By DICK STEDLER

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal*\*

TERRY BRENNAN holds the most superlative job in college football. The nation's top sportswriters have called that Notre Dame coaching job the biggest, most important, and most coveted challenge in the football world.

Brennan, at 26 the youngest grid-iron leader in Notre Dame history, knows well the man-size assignment ahead. "I am fully aware of the duties and responsibilities of the job. I will work as hard as I know how. I know I can do what the job requires, even though my coaching experience isn't too broad. Age, however, is a factor that never bothered me. I've made up my mind that I'd gain the players' confidence by showing that I know what to do and how to do it.

"About 90% of a coach's job is only indirectly connected with foot-

ball," adds the tousled-headed Brennan, explaining the office work, planning, and other off-the-field duties entailed.

Practically everywhere that Terry (and his wife, Mary, too) goes, he is besieged by admirers, alumni groups, autograph seekers, souvenir hunters, reporters, photographers, and rabid sports fans. From arrival to departure, Terry becomes the center of a hand-shaking, back-slapping, curious, and noisily unyielding crowd. That's the kind of ordeal, along with the mounting pressure

of the actual coaching job, which eventually forced Frank Leahy to retire.

Though rookies in the major college coaching league, Terry and his wife fit nicely into the pattern of gracious ambassadors for Notre Dame university. Terry is patient



\*141 E. 65th St., New York City 21. September, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

in answering questions, whether for sportswriters or fans. And Mary Louise is equally courteous.

On the dais, Terry speaks clearly and forcibly, sometimes amusingly, always sincerely. He knows what he wants to say and says it.

Wife Mary Louise is a pretty, easy-to-meet Irish girl from Wisconsin. She's a year younger than her husband. They were grade-school acquaintances at St. Monica's in a Milwaukee suburb, but first started dating in high school. And their romance really didn't start until Mary was in her sophomore year at St. Mary's girls' college, down the highway from Notre Dame, where Terry was in his junior year.

The Brennans were married in St. Monica's on July 14, 1951. They have a fine family started with two youngsters, Terence Kelley, two years old, and Denise Marian, ten months. On that basis, the Brennans are following in the family-life footsteps of their famous predecessors, the Leahys and the Rocknes.

Actually, there are two Terry Brennans at Notre Dame. There's Terry the husband and father, who isn't very handy around the house, likes to sleep late, prefers steak, and who calls his wife Kel (his shortened version of her maiden name, Kelley). And there's Terry the football coach.

When he isn't playing with his youngsters, Terry's nonfootball in-

terests include reading (his favorite author is Dickens), piano playing, and golf. He is also an avid newspaper reader; and as a lawyer, he tries to keep abreast of trends in the legal world. The handsome young mentor looks more like a crooner than a football coach.

More fortunate than Rockne, Terry once survived an airplane crash. It happened during his undergraduate days at the Irish school. With a couple of friends, he hitched a plane ride home to Milwaukee. The plane ran into a severe storm over Lake Michigan. Radio contact was lost. So was all sense of direction and location.

Between prayers, Terry and his friends kept their eyes on the fuel gauge and also tried to sight land through the rain-spattered windows. Finally the plane landed in a field a few miles from South Bend. It was badly damaged, but the occupants were uninjured.

Terry comes from a football-minded family. Even his mother is a pretty good fan, but when she was asked at the time of her son's new appointment whether she had arranged for a season pass, she simply replied, "I may go to the games, but I think there are other things more important than football."

Terry's dad, Martin J. Brennan, a Milwaukee attorney, attended Notre Dame for one year. While there, he played football before transferring to Marquette university, where he played center for

the grid team. The elder Brennan scored the tying touchdown for Marquette in the 5-5 game of 1910 with the Fightin' Irish.

Brennan has three brothers and two sisters. Joe, the oldest brother, played football at Marquette High in Milwaukee and later became a member of the Marquette university eleven. The second oldest boy is Father Bill, a priest in British Honduras. And then there's Jimmy, also a Notre Dame backfield star, and hero of the Northwestern and Georgia Tech games of 1945. He tallied twice against Northwestern in seven minutes. Joe and Jimmy followed in their father's footsteps by studying law. Now, in partnership with their dad, they form a uniquely named law firm in Milwaukee: Brennan, Brennan, and Brennan.

At Marquette High, Terry and Jimmy were spearheads of a football team that won 26 straight games. Terry also was on the track team four years, played hockey two winters, and earned three football letters. He was a single-wing and T-formation quarterback and later shifted to left halfback because of his jet-heeled talents as a ball carrier.

It was at Marquette High, too, that Terry first showed his gift for leadership. A B-average student, he was elected president of the freshman class and belonged to the school writing society, the Glee club, and Booster club.

At Marquette came the first evidences of the never-say-die spirit that carried him to even greater heights as a Notre Dame player, and eventually into the head coaching post at the Irish school. In a practice scrimmage, Terry severely twisted his right knee, tearing the cartilages. The winter before graduation, a successful operation was performed on the knee, enabling him to run like his old self again.

At Notre Dame, Brennan played four years under Coach Leahy on teams that were much in the habit of winning. That was from 1945 through 1948.

The square-shouldered, 160-pound halfback is best remembered for the 97-yard opening kickoff return for a touchdown against Army in 1947. That unmolested sprint up the west sideline marked the first touchdown that Notre Dame scored against the Cadets in three years. It happened so quickly that Terry's dad, arriving seconds after the kickoff, failed to see the play because he was still trying to find his seat. Mary Louise sat in the end zone with the girls from St. Mary's college, and was thrilled by her boy friend's remarkable run.

Terry started in 30 of 38 games for the Fightin' Irish, and led the team in scoring during the 1946 and the 1947 seasons. He carried the ball 266 times for 1269 yards for a respectable 4.7 yard average. He injured his left knee late in the 1947 season, and was used mostly in de-

fense positions in his senior year.

Brennan was a versatile athlete in college. He pole-vaulted 13 feet, won the 165-pound boxing title, shot 77 on the golf team, and also excelled at handball, squash, and tennis. In the classroom, he averaged 85.5.

Terry was twice elected class president and was graduated at the age of 20 with a philosophy major in the Arts and Letters school. Later he graduated from the De Paul university Law school while coaching the Mt. Carmel High school eleven of Chicago to three city championships in four years, an unprecedented feat. He also joined the faculty at Notre Dame when he became a business-law instructor in addition to his appointment as the first actual freshman football coach at the Irish School last year. He was selected by his old boss, Frank Leahy, who kept informed on Brennan as an inspirational-type coach.

Of countless incidents, perhaps the one which sold Leahy on Brennan the most happened during Terry's playing days at the South Bend school. Leahy may have been impressed because Terry reminded Frank of himself when he played for Notre Dame.

Leahy and Brennan each had their playing careers blighted by serious knee injuries. Leahy took full advantage of his hospitalization early in 1930 by sharing a room with his coach, Knute Rockne, who

also was ill at the time. During that recuperation period, Leahy claimed he learned more about coaching football than he thought was possible.

Brennan hurt his left knee late in 1947, and was used sparingly the following season. But that didn't keep Terry off the field. He reported daily for practice, listened to the instructions of Leahy and his aides, and kept eyes and mind alert to everything that was going on. Even when he was barely able to hobble, Brennan would dress for the Saturday games and sit on the bench.

Of the many things Terry learned, the psychological approach used by Leahy and Rockne impressed him most. And Brennan plans more of the same.

As head coach, Terry is expected to bring his own ideas into action. His plan of attack will resemble the one which fans have become accustomed to under Leahy. His team will run from the split-T formation. But don't look for Brennan's team to be a carbon copy of a Leahy machine. It may display a more wide-open offense. And, like all Notre Dame teams, it will stress crisp blocking and tackling by all players.

"The most important ingredient in football," says Brennan, "is brains. You don't have to be the smartest boy in school and you may not be right, but at least you can always be thinking—thinking football and working at it." Notre

Dame players, you can be sure, will have to use their heads as well as their muscles under Brennan.

Terry is operating on the same simple coaching philosophy at Notre Dame that he used so successfully at Mt. Carmel High for four years.

"The important thing is to earn the respect of your players," says Brennan. "If they become your friends, that's wonderful. But, by all means, gain their respect. And that can only be done by being honest with them. Level with them and you'll do all right."

Terry's theories and technique will receive quite a workout this fall in a typically Bowl-game schedule every Saturday against such titans as Texas, Purdue, Pittsburgh, Michigan State, Navy, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Iowa, Southern California, and Southern Methodist.

One of football's most respected officials, Buffalo's Tommy Timlin, looked at that suicidal schedule. Then he smiled, and said, "You don't have to worry about Terry Brennan. That boy'll make out okay. But he'll be a lot older than 26 next year."

### *Child Psychology*

"Is the ticket to the children's matinee only ten cents?" the six-year-old son of a psychology professor asked the lady in the box office. She nodded. The boy took out a dime, then hesitated.

"How long is the show?"

"Forty-five minutes."

He shook his head and moved away. "Can't go," he said. "My span of attention is only 20 minutes."

*Pleasures of Publishing.*

"Grandma," asked little Sally, "were you a little girl like me once?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I suppose," continued Sally pensively, "you know how it feels to get an ice cream cone when you don't expect it."

*Edwardsgram.*

A friend of ours recently visited her daughter's dancing school. She noticed that the little girl seemed totally inarticulate while swirling about the floor. Mother had to explain that talking to your partner is also part of dancing.

Next time she visited the dancing school, mother noticed that each time the music started, the same little boy dashed madly across the floor in order to be the first to ask her daughter to dance.

Afterwards, she questioned her daughter, "Why does that same boy choose you every time?"

"I'm telling him a continued murder mystery," the girl explained.

*This Week (18 July '54).*

# "Inside Vatican Sources Report..."

*The secular newspapers often think  
they see political stratagem in what  
is really the simple work of God*

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Condensed from the *Catholic World*<sup>®</sup>

**T**HERE ARE few subjects which the "informed" world's press likes better to discuss than the policy of the Vatican. In recent months, there has been an orgy of Vatican "stories." The general idea behind them is that the Catholic Church is divided into two camps, the reformers and the diehards.

The priest-worker crisis in France was taken by the secular press as a decisive battle in this clerical war. Such recent papal pronouncements as the Encyclical on Christian Virginity and the warning against free-lance "lay theologians" are interpreted as signs that the Vatican is out to establish a new reactionary position.

Now I do not profess to be better informed about what is going on in the Vatican than the secular correspondents who write Roman stories for their papers. Indeed I am probably much worse informed. I have not visited Rome for a number of years. But in this there is positive safety. For real Vatican news is not readily given to the outside world.

Only the other day, I heard a story from a distinguished British political figure. During the war he had occasion to bring to the Holy Father's personal notice certain complaints about the "Vatican." The Pope was sympathetic, but with a smile he said, "Remember, I am only the Pope; I am not the Vatican." This of course was said in a humorous vein, but it reminds us that the "Vatican" is a name rather than a reality. And from the Vatican—or near it—there emerge many personalities, and some of them are not above telling good, if hardly well-founded, stories which correspondents are only too eager to lap up and pass on. That is why a reflective Catholic in London may know a good deal more about "Catholic international policy" than the secular journalists on the Vatican doorstep.

I have long been amazed at the degree of efficiency with which the Vatican is credited in secular journalism. There seems to be a kind of hang-over in the modern press from anti-Catholic historians who

<sup>®</sup>411 W. 59th St., New York City 19, August, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, and reprinted with permission.



wrote mostly of "Vatican tyranny, greed, and intrigue." Today the secular press somehow helps to suggest that the Vatican has a tradition of sinister and secret power in the world. The subconscious wish to bracket the Vatican with Moscow tempts secular journalists to maintain the fiction of an all-seeing eye and quickly moving hand always at work in clerical Rome.

In fact, of course, the Catholic clerical mind has motives of behavior usually a good deal higher than the secular political or administrative mind. Its effectiveness and worldly intelligence may well on balance be less.

Catholic *curias* are not the last word in getting things done or in imposing a super-man will. They have not the streamlined organization of totalitarian set-ups or even of big business. Their spiritual authority has its basis in the liberty of the governed: the reasonable, conscientious, God-guided will of the superior calling, where necessary, for free obedience from a reasonable and conscientious subject.

In this tolerant and human system there is no call for *diktats* from the top and parties or cabals maneuvering for power and influence below.

When we understand this, we become certain that the kind of picture of the Church which the secular journalists presuppose is a sheer travesty. There are no factions or

movements of "progress" or "reaction." There are no carefully worked-out Church policies for defeating anticlerical forces. There is no blueprint for the conversion of the world.

Instead there are grave spiritual responsibilities that fall on those who rule. There is a general readiness to obey those who hold these responsibilities. There is a kind of instinctive reaction against dangers to the health and welfare of the Church whether from within or without. And there are the thoughts, the actions, the work of the immense number of rational human beings within the Church who are preoccupied with the apostolate in cultural, social, political, and economic life.

A very great diversity of views, within the common end and faith, is inevitably and rightly to be found within the Church. Conditions are different in different countries. Some men are naturally inclined to take risks; others are naturally conservative. Many are naturally not very brilliant or discerning; fewer are wise; fewer still are saints. Thus there is at all times movement, and trends within it can be generalized so that one can talk loosely of groups of influence in one direction or another.

In the past the world was much less centralized and countries were virtually isolated. Doctrine was less clearly formulated and the sense of imminent danger was much less

than in our day. Then, such groups could run into schism and heresy. Today, this is most unlikely. Only very small disaffections are now likely, for the alternative to the full Catholic faith is disregard of religion altogether.

You have heard recently of the so-called French *avant-garde*, a name that is used to cover fresh ideas and fresh methods of apostolate. France is a nominally Catholic country much of whose industrial working-class has become virtually paganized. There has been a deep division of this class from the bourgeois population with which the Church in France seemed to be closely associated. This *avant-garde*, now seen by excited journalists as a revolt within the Church, was largely formed on the initiative of saintly and loyal French bishops like the great Cardinal Verdier. The problem inevitably involved trial of new ideas and the possibility of error in the attempt.

The most spectacular of the experiments was the mission of the priest-workers, a handful of French priests. The experiment ran into certain social and spiritual difficulties in the sacerdotal life, and it had to be reviewed. In such cases personal feelings and convictions can be sorely tried. Deep and sincere feelings are created among men dedicated to a selfless apostolate. Strong feelings on the one side generate strong feelings on the oth-

er. It could hardly be otherwise. There is no ground whatever for the suggestion that here we have a critical chapter in the struggle between progress and reaction in the Church. All that has really taken place is that the Church has decided on a drastic solution because it sees it to be the necessary solution.

The priest-worker experiment caught the public imagination because of its rather advanced social implications. Otherwise, the whole affair would have been seen as typical of what the Church is always doing: experimenting in its apostolate. Certain views and actions have to be criticized or condemned as fraught with danger or as unsatisfactory in the light of that experimentation.

The Vatican is a well-informed center because it is the duty of bishops and officials to report on spiritual health in different countries and dioceses. And in the contents of many papal encyclicals one sees that the Pope often warns the Church about certain excesses while actually promoting the very movement within which the excesses have shown themselves.

This, for example, was particularly clear in the liturgical encyclicals. In this matter the Pope is much ahead of the general attitude of bishops and pastors. *Mediator Dei* was clearly written to encourage a livelier and more contemporary liturgical life, yet it contains strong criticism of exaggerations in

certain places that had been reported to the Holy See. Recent pronouncements on the Church's traditional teaching on virginity and the married state, as well as on "free-lance" lay theological writings, come into the same category.

The priest-worker discipline has not killed Catholic Action and new apostolic enterprise; the reminder about the pre-eminent value of sacred virginity has not weakened

the Church's regard for the sacramental married state; the warning against the dangers of lay theology has not diminished the encouragement given to the laity to use its mind.

In none of this is there any question of a policy of applying the brake. It is normal practice in the continuous vigilant watch over the spiritual welfare and apostolic action of the Church of God.



### *Advertising Marriage*

Newspaper editors of half a century ago never forgot on which side their bread was buttered. Here is a classic society column:

"Miss Jennie Jones and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is the daughter of Constable Jones who has made a good officer and will doubtless be reelected this spring. He offers a fine horse for sale in another column of this issue.

"The groom runs a grocery on Main street and is a steady patron of our advertising columns. He has a good line of bargains in his ad this week. All summer he paid 2¢ more for butter than any other store in town.

"They were married by the Rev. Josiah Butterworth, who last week called at this office and gave a nice order for printing. He is also going into business and will write fire insurance. So say the business cards we recently printed for him.

"Jennie and Bob left on the 10 P.M. train for Milwaukee to visit with the bride's uncle, who, we understand, has lots of money and cancer."

*Wall Street Journal* (9 Aug. '54).

The classified legal notices in our daily newspapers are usually filled with heart-breaking announcements about broken marriages. Here's one with a different twist:

"I am responsible for all debts and obligations of my wife, Selma, both present and future, and am more than happy to be the provider for a woman who has borne me two lovely children, and with an overabundance of love and care has made the past eight years of married life the nicest years of my life. On this, our eighth anniversary, I wish to publicly express my gratitude. Henry Burns."

*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* (8 July '54).

# Fasting Before Communion

*Most Catholics know by this time that they can take water before Communion, but the new regulations give more privileges than that*

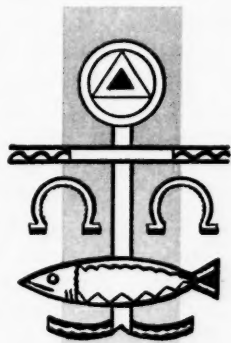
By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from *Ave Maria*\*

ON JAN. 6, 1953, Pope Pius XII issued an historic document, *Christus Dominus*, easing the fast necessary for the reception of Holy Communion. The document also set forth the conditions under which the new privileges may be used. By now, most Catholics fully understand the first big difference in the new regulations: you may take water at any time, in any quantity, before Holy Communion.

The Holy Father's fundamental reason for easing the fast was to encourage Catholics to receive Communion more frequently than ever before. However, his action may fail in its purpose unless Catholics everywhere come to understand their full privileges under the new regulations.

The second concession permits the sick, even though not confined to bed, *upon the advice of a confessor*, to take some kind of nourishment, or true medicine, except



for alcoholic beverages. This allows the sick to take even solid medicine, such as pills, and any non-alcoholic liquid nourishment, any time before Holy Communion, if they cannot observe the full fast without grave inconvenience.

The confessor may give his permission either in the confessional or outside it, and as long as the same conditions of health prevail a person may continue to use the permission once granted. Thus a person who is troubled by a chronic ailment, such as diabetes or stomach ulcers, may for years take medicine or liquids, such as milk, by virtue of the single consultation with his confessor.

The Latin term used is *infirmi*; it has a broader meaning than the English word *sick*. It includes those in a run-down condition or in a chronic state of poor health, whether confined to their homes or not, whether they are ill for a short

\**Noire Dame, Ind. Aug. 14 and 21, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.*

time or a long time. Some examples would be chronic insomnia, nervous stomach, headache, old age, convalescence, and pregnancy.

The principle, "old age is a sickness," can be reasonably used, points out Father Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., to extend the privilege to old people who, though not bothered by any specific ailment, find considerable difficulty in fasting for Holy Communion, even when the Mass is comparatively early. Moreover, a person who is not ill at the moment but who foresees that he will be sick unless he takes medicine or liquid nourishment, may do so to forestall illness.

Ordinarily, the recommendation of a physician that an individual is sick and really needs liquid food or nourishment is sufficient to satisfy a confessor on this point. It is to enable such persons to receive Holy Communion readily that this concession has been granted. However, any Catholic who really wants to receive Holy Communion but who is staying away because of the difficulty of the fast for him, points out Father J. C. Ford, S.J., qualifies for the dispensation because of the physical difficulty.

Under certain circumstances, even persons who are not sick may take liquid nourishment (other than alcoholic beverages) before receiving Communion. This is the third concession made by the new regulations governing the Eucharistic fast. Those who: 1. must do ex-

hausting labor; 2. can receive Communion only at a rather late hour; 3. must make a long journey in order to receive Holy Communion may take liquid nourishment *up to one hour* before receiving Communion, provided that observing the full fast would cause them grave inconvenience.

To help you decide whether or not this concession applies to you, here are some illustrations.

1. Exhausting labor. This would include workmen on early morning shifts in factories, in transportation and seaport jobs, or in other services necessary to the public interest. It would include policemen, nurses, printers getting out an early morning paper, and night watchmen. It would also include pregnant women and mothers who, before going to church, must work about the house for at least one hour before leaving for church. Farmers who perform early morning chores, such as milking the cows or feeding the cattle for an hour, would likewise be included.

2. Late hour. In many communities, a priest is not available to offer Mass until a rather late hour of the morning. Many school children find it difficult to go to church, and then go home to breakfast.

If attending an early Mass causes considerable inconvenience, one is justified in choosing a later hour. For instance, an altar boy assigned to serve the eleven o'clock Mass would qualify for this privilege,

*The Eucharistic Fast for the Laity*

## WATER NEVER BREAKS THE FAST

Circumstances	What Is Permitted	Time Limit	Priest's Advice
Sickness (1)	Liquids; non-alcoholic Medicine; non-alcoholic	None	Required
Hard Work (2)	Liquids; non-alcoholic	One Hour	Required
Late A.M. Hour of Communion (3)	Liquids; non-alcoholic	One Hour	Required
Long Journey (4)	Liquids; non-alcoholic	One Hour	Required
School Children (5)	Liquids; non-alcoholic	One Hour	Required
Evening Mass	Solid Food (6)	Three Hours	Not required
	Liquids; non-alcoholic	One Hour	Not required

1. Patients need not necessarily be confined to bed or house.
2. Such as night duty by hospital personnel, police, watchmen, transport workers, or work by housewives who for at least an hour must attend to domestic duties before going to Mass.
3. Holy Communion can be received only at a late hour, for example, after 9 A.M., or at an hour considerably later than the time of rising.
4. A mile and a quarter on foot, or 15 to 20 miles by car in order to reach Church.
5. When difficult for them to go to church for Holy Communion, return home for breakfast, then go back to school.
6. Beer and wine may be taken at meals, but no strong drink.

even though he could attend an early Mass. This permission, says Father Connell, can also be given to one who has good reason to sleep late on Sunday morning.

Commentators generally agree that Communion after 9 A.M. is at a late hour. There can also be a relatively late hour for Holy Communion, as in the case of the child who must be in school at 9 A.M. For him the eight o'clock Mass would be at a "late hour." Indeed,

the late hour of Mass can mean any Mass after which a person cannot easily have breakfast. This would be the case with high school and college students, teachers, stenographers, secretaries, clerks, office workers and certain other classes of workers.

3. A long journey to reach the church. The rule defines this as about 1¼ miles, on foot. The proportionate distance by car would seem to be about 15 or 20 miles.

You can get copies of the full text of Father O'Brien's pamphlet by writing to the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. Single copies are 15¢; quantity prices are available on request.

If the roads are bad, or the traffic congested, or if a slower mode of transportation is used, such as a bicycle, a shorter distance would suffice.

Unlike the privilege granted to the sick and infirm, where liquid nourishment may be taken any time before Communion, this concession requires a fast of one hour before Communion. A priest is obliged to fast a full hour before beginning Mass.

4. Liquid nourishment. This includes coffee (with sugar), tea, chocolate, milk, milkshakes, fruit juices, eggnog (non-alcoholic), soup (even with rice or bread crumbs), weak cereal, and virtually anything that can be drunk rather than eaten. It excludes such things as lozenges and ice cream, which enter the mouth as solids and are then melted and swallowed.

5. Grave inconvenience. What is meant by grave inconvenience? A grave inconvenience is anything which causes you in particular a serious hardship, or which is considered a serious hardship for most people. Thus fasting until after 9 A.M. is considered a grave inconvenience for most people.

Even though a particularly robust person could fast until noon without getting a headache, he may take advantage of the interpretation of what constitutes a grave inconvenience for the average person. The grave inconvenience lies in the very fact of the late Mass, or the hard work before the Mass, or the long journey to the church.

In order to be sure that such concessions apply to you, don't forget to consult a confessor, that is, any priest who has faculties for hearing confessions. He may give the advice inside the confessional or outside of it. While ordinarily such advice is to be given individually, there may occasionally be a small group, whose members are in much the same condition as regards the Eucharistic fast. To them the group exemption can be given.

Examples of this kind would be the members of a small wedding party, say, 10 or 12 persons, to whom a priest might say, "As you won't be receiving Communion until 11 or after, you may take a cup of coffee or a glass of milk up until 10 A.M."

The new regulations stress the obligation of seeking the advice of a confessor. There may arise, however, cases of sudden, transitory illness when it would be impracticable to do so. In such cases a person may be guided by his own conscience. But if he is subject to such transitory ailments from time to time, he should settle his con-



science definitely by consulting his confessor at the first opportunity.

Ordinarily, one is expected to consult the confessor in person, but under justifying circumstances another may do this for him. For example, a parent might explain the case of his child, or a daughter the case of her elderly mother. The permission may be given by letter or even by telephone.

The fourth concession empowers bishops to permit the celebration of evening Masses on certain days when circumstances require it. Such Masses must not be begun before 4 P.M. Evening Masses are necessary if a large number of persons in a particular locality cannot otherwise hear Mass on a Sunday or holyday. Even persons who do not come under this category may fulfill their obligation by attending such a Mass. An evening Mass may be celebrated even on a day when there is no obligation to attend Mass, if the bishop judges it called for by reasons of devotion; for example, when some great feast is being observed, or on a First Friday.

The faithful may receive Communion at an evening Mass if they abstain from solid food for three hours before receiving, and from liquids for one hour previously. Of course, water may be taken at any time before Holy Communion. However, one may not take any "hard" liquors from the previous midnight (such as brandy, gin,

whisky, rum, or cordials), though he may partake moderately of light alcoholic beverages (such as wine and beer) as part of a meal.

However, outside mealtime, only non-alcoholic beverages may be taken. The regulation thus ensures that at least three hours will elapse before one receives Communion after partaking of even the "accustomed alcoholic beverages," such as wine and beer.

To take advantage of this particular concession it is not necessary to secure the advice of a confessor. Finally, this concession does not permit the faithful to receive Holy Communion in places where evening Mass is not celebrated. But in places where evening Mass is celebrated, Holy Communion may be received either before, during, or immediately after Mass. If one has received Holy Communion at a morning Mass he may not, of course, receive again that day.

Shortly after the issuance of *Christus Dominus* the CATHOLIC DIGEST told of a parish whose members sent a telegram of thanks to the Holy Father for the concessions he had granted.\* As evidence of their gratitude they pledged to receive Holy Communion during the ensuing year twice as frequently as previously. Their action pleased the Holy Father enormously; it was the very result which he had hoped the new decree would bring about.

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\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1953, p. 1

# Train Ride: Moscow to Termez

*One of the last Americans to see the Russian back country and to exit through Afghanistan tells her story*

By MARGARET K. WEBB

Condensed from *The Pacific Spectator*\*

THE FAMILIAR jolting stopped abruptly. I opened my eyes. It was only 8 A.M., but already the hot sun of Russian Turkistan was pouring through the cracked blind of the train window. My tongue felt dry: dust hung heavy in the air.

I could hear a Russian talking to my husband, Paul. "American, eh? Traveling for your government? We don't see many foreigners down here. Papers in order? If they're not, you can get in trouble."

It was June, 1947. After a year as accountant in the American Embassy at Moscow, Paul had been ordered to Australia. Instead of flying, which was customary, we thought we'd like to travel overland.

Every day for six weeks we pre-

sented ourselves at the Soviet In-tourist bureau. Nothing happened. Then, two hours before train time, when we had finally abandoned the project, our exit visas were delivered to us. Our journey was to take six days, from Moscow to Termez on the Afghan border.

For the first two days our trip was uneventful. On the second morning we reached the Kuibyshev district, about 500 miles southeast of Moscow.

Shouts from Paul outside the train aroused me. "Come on out, Peggy. You're missing the best part of the trip."

Hastily I washed in the brown soupy water which trickled out of the spigot. I started to join him, but was impaled against the train by a tall, black-bearded Persian



\*Stanford University Press, Stanford, Cal. Summer 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Pacific Coast Committee for the Humanities of the American Council of Learned Societies, and reprinted with permission.

brandishing a smoking stick strung with greasy scraps of mutton. When I tried to sidle away from him, my way was blocked by a sturdy Kazakh girl selling unleavened bread, and then by a Kirghiz herdsman offering mare's milk.

Paul was talking to the man whose voice I had heard, Mr. Efremov. To the right was the village—a single street bordered by low houses of sun-baked clay. Beyond stretched the endless desert. In the distance a string of camels, perhaps from Kashgar in China, ambled across the waste, their bells tinkling faintly on the still air.

"In America you have fast cars that span your country in a matter of days. Is that not true?" Mr. Efremov bent his smiling face with its slight trace of beard close to mine.

I nodded.

"You look at those camels and those backward people and think: these Russians, they are primitive, like beasts in the field. They will never catch up with our great America. But it's not true! In a few short years we will have equaled and surpassed you. You really have to live in the Soviet Union awhile to appreciate how fast she's changing.

"That's absolutely right. Take my case, for instance." Mr. Efremov pounded his barrel chest. "Who am I? Foreman at the Stalin Electric Plant in Moscow with a hundred machinists directly under my supervision. Who were my parents?

Poor farm folk scraping their livelihood from a tiny farm near Smolensk. Couldn't even write their own name."

We saw him again at noon. Mr. Efremov appeared at our door with an invitation for lunch.

To reach the diner we had to leave our "international" or "soft" car and pass through three "hard" cars. They were well named. We rode in unbelievable luxury compared to the people in the hard cars. There, 30 wooden bunks without mattresses were jammed so close together that passengers had to crawl over a row of bodies to get to their own beds. And there, in the heat and stench of 30-odd human beings, these people dressed and washed and prepared their meals.

In the dining car nearly an hour went by before our food was served. A single harassed waiter was trying to care for 12 different groups—all clamoring.

Our train stopped at a village of four mud houses with flat mud roofs. A leather-skinned herdsman and a one-eyed boy held up pails of blue-white goat's milk. There was nothing else for sale. After a few minutes we were in motion again, our train wheezing across the flat, interminable desert. Here and there we saw nomad *yurts*—beehive-shaped hide tents—and flocks of goats, karakul sheep, and immense cows with horns two yards from tip to tip.

Paul and I would have been content simply to look out the window and draw our own conclusions, but Efremov would not leave us alone. While we watched a woman on a mangy donkey ambling down a dusty street, he spoke of the great irrigation projects and the mass production of automobiles, both temporarily suspended because of the war. "Soon," he assured us, "this whole area will bloom like a rose."

As time went on, we began to notice a certain pattern in his speech. He talked in the future tense: not what had been done, but what would be—some day.

To our relief, his harangue was interrupted by the arrival of lunch. With a resounding thwack, the waiter set heavy china plates and innocent-looking bottles down on the table and departed. Efremov picked up a bottle and began pouring out the first round. There were vodka, mountains of salmon-colored caviar, and a huge platter of black bread. Nothing else. We were feeling a little tipsy by the time the waiter appeared with the bill.

When we rose to leave, I wanted to know where we were.

"This city's called Emba," Efremov said, holding open the heavy door. "It's one of the important railroad centers in the state of Kazakhstan."

In the hard cars the passengers were rushing to get off and buy provisions. Alongside the dusty

tracks trade was going on. Some passengers from our train were systematically selling off their clothes in exchange for food. We watched while a 15-year-old girl from the car ahead of ours knelt down to untie her shoes. Then she shoved them across the ground to a brown-cheeked giggling Kazakh girl. A few minutes later the barefoot passenger clambered aboard, clutching a chunk of unleavened bread and a pail of milk.

All around us were Sarts, Turks, Persians, Mongols, Afghans, and Kazakhs calling out their wares in awkward Russian or shouting in their native tongues.

Perhaps the USSR is not yet sure how completely it has subdued these warlike peoples, for even today the Soviet newspapers hint at trouble in this area. The natives do not fulfill the cotton quota; or they resist collectivization of small farms and garden plots, or grumble because they have not received their grain allotment.

As we rolled on that night, I raised the tattered shade and looked out. High above, the sky was alive with stars, and on the ground were endless answering lights—the cook fires of Kazakh herdsmen camping in their hair tents with their wives and their camels and their goats on the windy plateau of central Asia. A thousand years ago similar lights flickered on the same plain. A thousand years from now, I wondered, will anything have changed?

Early the next afternoon we were on a siding outside the town of Novokazalinsk. The desert stretched beyond the tracks for untold miles, barren and gray.

While we waited, a train of flat-cars stopped opposite us laden with cottonseed cake. In less than a minute it swarmed with passengers from our hard cars, who quickly broke off and began munching large slabs of the stuff.

No sooner had that train gone than another pulled in. No one went near it. The hard-car passengers took one look and hurried back to their own places. Only Paul and I continued to stand watching it.

The train was made up of box-cars with small iron-barred windows. Each car, bolted and padlocked, was guarded by a Red army man with a rifle and mounted bayonet. In one car Paul heard the voices of women, but I saw only half-naked men in the one opposite us and in another the thin faces of boys. There must have been 40 or more crowded into each car; and on the outside at intervals were emblazoned the letters M.V.D.—the initials of the Russian secret police. There seemed little question that it was a prison train. Once we were on board again, I went to Mr. Efremov for confirmation.

"You Americans!" He shook his head in mock despair. "Always jumping to conclusions! That's not

a prison train at all—just a train-load of families that the government is transporting. They travel in boxcars so they can take their household goods with them. That's what the guards are for, to protect their belongings. You see, the USSR is developing so fast, workers are needed in a hundred different places. So the government helps them move and pays them an extra bonus."

At last on the morning of the fifth day we approached the Tashkent area, the great oasis of southern Russia. Slowly the train puffed through vast fields of cotton. The fields were being cultivated by oxen dragging plows or by men and women with hoes and scythes.

Tashkent seemed to me more like a city in India than Russia. Veiled women felt their way along, carrying market baskets full of apricots and deep-green cucumbers. At small outdoor tearooms beneath huge poplars sat bearded Uzbeks in bright skullcaps and long candy-striped robes, quietly smoking, or sipping tea.

After we left Tashkent the country became semidesert once more. It was late afternoon. We stared out the window at the flock of goats dotting the flat land. Opposite us sat Mr. Efremov, his nose against the dusty pane.

"It's amazing," said the little machinist, "the changes you see everywhere. Take those goats there. We've passed thousands of them

since yesterday, and every one of them is sovietized."

For a moment we were all silent. Mr. Efremov scratched the black hair at the neck of his sweaty T-shirt. Then leaning forward, he started on a new tack. "I hope you'll pardon me. There's something I'd like to ask you."

"Go ahead," Paul said.

Mr. Efremov ran his hand through his wiry hair wondering how to begin. "You're nice people. Not at all the way I imagine most Americans. Why don't you stay here in the Soviet Union? Make a new life!"

"What do you mean?" I asked weakly.

He looked uncomfortable. "I don't want to offend you. Maybe you don't see it the way I do. Still, take my daughter Olga, for instance. Frankly, I'd rather see her dead than growing up in the tainted atmosphere of the United States.

"*True Confessions, Real Romances, True Love,*" he shuddered. "Ugh, America is sex crazy."

Paul shook his head, "That's just a small group. We have lots of fine magazines, too."

The machinist waved his hands. "That's beside the point. Only a minority reads the good magazines—if there are any good ones—while the majority wallows in magazines about sex and crime."

"Oh, you're all wrong!" I was getting impatient.

However, there was no stopping

Mr. Efremov. "I could never exchange my healthy clean life here for America." Suddenly he was practically on his knees: "Why don't you forget all that? Stay here, join the ranks of the class struggle. What greater good is there than to awaken others?" We made no comment.

Shortly before midnight we reached the outskirts of Samarkand. A red-faced doctor boarded the train. He was very drunk. When he heard we weren't going to see Samarkand, he almost wept. "Do you know what you're missing? The great tombs of Tamerlane, the incomparable blue mosque built to his beloved Bibi-Khanum. Get off the train—before it's too late! This far and no farther came Alexander the Great with all his cohorts. Now the whole city is dark; tomorrow the turquoise domes, the golden minarets—it will be a dream city. Get off now. Never will you see such sights!"

If we left the train without authorization, every official in Samarkand would be on the lookout for us. We stayed on the train; the risk was too great.

Disgruntled at missing "Golden Samarkand," Paul and I could hardly wait to reach Termez and cross the Afghan border.

"You Americans are always in a hurry!" Mr. Efremov chided us. "Why should anyone want to leave a modern mechanized country like the Soviet Union for a place like



Afghanistan? You'll wish you were back with us inside an hour."

After a grueling three hours in customs, we were finally allowed to cross the river Oxus which separates Russia from Afghanistan.

As we clambered up the steep bank toward the friendly Afghan

officer who waited to greet us, a wave of relief swept over us. Actually, we were luckier than we knew, for soon after leaving Termez we heard the Russians had closed the border indefinitely. As far as I know, no Americans have made the journey since.



### *House of Cards*

Two Russian scientists were among Soviet visitors at an American embassy. Left alone temporarily, they began leafing through a mail order catalog on a table. Suddenly, one of them whipped out a notebook and pencil and began scribbling furiously.

"What are you doing, comrade?" whispered his companion.

"Taking notes, you fool," was the reply. "Look at all those wonderful things to invent."

Arthur W. Miller.



When applicants for a Russian government job were being interviewed, each one was asked, "How much is two and two?"

One by one, the applicants answered "Four." The job went to the last man in the line, a fellow who looked the examiner in the eye and asked him, "How much do you want it to be?"

*Tracks.*



At a conference of Red propagandists, the local party boss announced the launching of a drive for new members.

"We need the active help of every comrade present," he said, "and we will reward each one of you. Those who bring in five will get a free party card. Finally, should any of you succeed in bringing in ten new members, we promise you a certificate stating that you never were a member of the Communist party."

Alexander Janta in *Partners*.



A traveler returning from Red Poland was being asked about living conditions.

"How do people there live?"

"Better. . . ."

"Better in what way?" he was interrupted. "Socially? Economically? From the standpoint of food, dress, housing?"

"Better not say."

Alexander Janta in *Partners*.



# Unchastity Is a Sin

*Most of the books for parents on advice  
for daughters omit a pertinent point*

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping*\*

MOTHERS, even the wisest of them, are improvident creatures; they never really believe their children will grow up. It isn't that they do not plan. Their lives are feverish with planning, the paths behind them littered with discarded maps and charts and abandoned strategies. It is simply that parenthood is such a hand-to-mouth existence, such a series of skirmishes won (or lost), that they can only live, like soldiers in the field, from day to day.

Sufficient unto the hour is the crisis thereof. Babies must cut molars, kindergartners start off to school, little boys break windows, and little girls their hearts at dancing class. Each peril has to be faced as it is encountered—the first fib, the measles, the naughty word, the sprained ankle, and the explanation of sex. Puppies get run over, teachers are unjust, cronies turn out to be faithless; and every event is an emergency for which there can be no real preparation except love and common sense.

And then suddenly a mother

looks about her and her children are children no longer. This is a curious moment, compounded in almost equal portions of exhilaration, panic, and surprise. In the ascent of her particular Everest, she has reached a sort of plateau, and there is triumph in that. But as she peers back at the trail by which she has come—at all the little peaks surmounted and chasms crossed—what a safe and pleasant climb it appears in retrospect!

How trivial seem those old anxieties—the tantrums and the tonsillectomies, the disorders and the disappointments, the bad grades and the poor postures and the braces on the teeth! Even the most desperate situation had this consolation—that however inadequate her hand, it was there to be reached for. She could interpose herself between the child and life.

Now that must change. Our daughters (for since I have only daughters, I must speak of the gender I know best) must climb the rest of the way very nearly unaccompanied, and it wrings the heart.

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For perhaps they have not quite recovered from adolescence. They are still unsure of themselves. They still keep diaries, which they lock away in secret drawers. They worry about their complexions and are touchy about their friends and take a gentle suggestion as a personal affront. But they have driving licenses and a clothes allowance; and the boys they bring home are growing up to their ears and speak condescendingly to adults in manly voices. Next year or the year after will bring college or a job. It will also bring either love or its facsimile.

What then shall I, what shall any mother, give them for an amulet against the dangerous journey they must take alone? For we know, unfashionable as it may be to say so, that the dangers are real. Thousands of textbooks; editorials in the press; papers read to learned societies; a whole new profession of consultants on the matter, often attached to the schools—all these, plus the conversation of the young themselves, attest their genuineness.

Surely no one would be naïve enough to think that little biological chats about conception and bodily structure are sufficient. Our daughters have known for a long time just how babies are born, and have accepted, we hope, their theoretical knowledge of sex gravely and sweetly. But the tides of spring run strong. Home ties are breaking off, and to the confusion of

new voices and circumstances and the competition for popularity will be added the pulse of their own blood. Curiosity, even, will have its urgent pull.

Admitted that illicit sexual adventure is a péril, at least for what used to be called "marriageable girls," what memorable word can we teach them that they can repeat like an incantation if the tide should become a threatening flood?

I have talked this over with friends and psychologists. I have read the brochures and the textbooks. I have also thought about the problem deeply, and I know what I, for one, shall do. It's a very iconoclastic thing; it has not been mentioned at all in any of the dozens of pamphlets and tomes I have dipped into. But it seems sanest. I shall remind my daughters simply that there is such a thing as right and such a thing as wrong. I shall commit the dreadful heresy of talking about sin.

Now sin has always been an ugly word, but it has been made so in a new sense over the last half century. It has been made not only ugly but passé. People are no longer sinful, they are only immature or underprivileged or frightened or, more particularly, sick. And I think it has no doubt been helpful to some unfortunates to find themselves so considered. But my daughters and yours are fairly brave and certainly privileged and more mature than we might have hoped;

and if their souls had been sick, we should have known it before this. My children would believe themselves mortally insulted to have their misdemeanors classified as illnesses. In our household we have never been afraid of sin as a proper noun.

In fact, although until now we have never used the word in connection with matters of sex, we have found it a subject of fruitful discussion. We think it is sinful to slander our neighbors. We believe that stealing and cheating and bearing false witness are sins. We think dishonest politicians are sinners. Once, when intolerance raised its unattractive head, we disposed of it readily. We refused to repeat all the windy arguments that have become the standard clichés; we just said that anti-Semitism, like every other artificial bias against one's fellow man, is a sin. And that—as nearly as is humanly possible—was that.

Oddly enough I find little opposition to this last stand among the schoolbook coterie. If they decline to mention sin in connection with prejudice, they do consent to speak of "erroneous social thinking." But not once, in any text, did I come across a reference to either right or wrong in regard to the great act of love. Most of the books naturally deplore sexual experiment. They use all the commonplace arguments. They point out the physical dangers, the emotional in-

volvement, the inconveniences and distresses of furtive passion.

And while some writers I find inane to the point of vulgarity (one author even suggested coy things to say to "break off a petting session"), others have set down superbly reasoned appeals for chastity. But how strong is reason against a tidal wave? I think conscience proves a superior shelter. My daughters shall be told that there exist a moral law and an ancient commandment and that they do wrong to flout them.

And now against my critics (who will be many if they are well-versed in the gospel that has its ultimate evangelist in Dr. Kinsey) I should like to argue the wholesomeness of treating extramarital relations as sinful. For that is what I do consider such teaching—wholesome and even effective.

To begin with, sin implies goodness, and the young love goodness with all their hearts. We all know what idealists they are, how fiercely they react against injustice and cruelty, how they hate hypocrisy and cant. To take away their delight in virtue, to tell them that they must withstand temptations because temptations are merely urges toward immature behavior, is to give them stones when they pant for bread. It is to weaken the muscles of their characters.

In the second place, it is confusing. I think we have all argued too much with our children in this

generation. It has been drummed into our ears that we must explain the reasons behind every taboo, and we in turn have drummed these reasons into their ears until they are nearly deafened. I remember my older daughter, when she was small, once listening quietly to my careful dissertation why some action was not to be tolerated. Finally she burst out, "Oh, Mother, why don't you just tell me not to for once and stop explaining!" Just so. It is simpler to treat sex morally than reasonably. Moreover, believing in sin is a kind of tactful armor. A girl might find, in a given situation, that it was better to tell a young man that he was doing wrong than that he was being a social dunce. His self-esteem would suffer less.

"But how about guilt?" ask my opponents. "When the young believe in sin, they must necessarily feel guilty if they commit it. Is not that destructive?"

From my fallible viewpoint, I do not think so. For sin implies forgiveness. One who has done a wrong can be sorry and recover. If he is generous enough, he can even forgive himself. But how does one go about forgiving oneself for a lapse in taste or a *gaucherie*? We have all committed sins in our lives, meannesses and angers and lies. But most of us have forgotten them easily. What we find hard to forget or to forgive are the silly things we have said, the times we

have been awkward and doltish. It is one of my articles of psychological faith that a girl (and perhaps the same thing applies to a boy) would find life less broken apart after a misguided love affair if she could feel that she had been sinful rather than a fool. And I hope that all our daughters are sure enough of parental love not to let a sense of guilt destroy them in silence.

Now all this does not mean that because I am, like Coolidge's minister, against sin, I am also against sex or that my girls will get that impression. On the contrary, they will believe, I hope, that it is one of the moving graces of the world, far too magnificent a gift to be carelessly handled. We three women in our house are proud of being women. We feel a little sorry for men, who can never bear children or be wives. Puberty was something welcomed by my daughters with delight. So when I mention the moral standard, they will understand that it is for the sake of protecting this magnificence that mankind has slowly, strugglingly, been building for several thousand years. Fashions in morals fluctuate. Puritan rigor gives way to Restoration license, and that in turn is drowned in Victorian severity. It is possible that much of our own permissive nonsense will be frowned on by the generation now growing up. But right and wrong do not really alter, nor do their conse-

quences. And of this my daughters must be aware.

So what in the end shall I tell my daughters about chastity before marriage? Of *course*, I shall be sensible and point out the ordinary social penalties attached to any other conduct. I shall touch on the

possible pregnancy, the untidiness, and the heartbreak. But I shall also say that love is never merely a biological act but one of the few miracles left on earth, and that to use it cheaply is a sin.

In fact that is what I have already told them.

» » « «

### *Hearts Are Trumps*

MY FAMILY were Sudeten Germans who had long lived in Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, where my father operated a foundry. During the 2nd World War, the nazis forced my father to employ prisoners-of-war in his plant. One of them, a Frenchman, happened to be a skilled painter. He offered to paint some of the rooms in our house. My mother, in recompense, gave him a good supper and packed some food for him to eat later.

Her kind action became known to a nazi worker in the plant. He reported it to the police. My father, mother, and sister were thrown into prison, charged with coddling a prisoner-of-war. Later they were summoned to trial in north Germany. At last, through the intervention of an old friend of the family, the case against them was dropped.

Came July, 1945; Russian armies occupied all of our country. Without warning, an order was issued for the expulsion of all Germans from their homes. The Czech authorities, though sympathetic, were powerless; they took their orders from the Russian troops. A Czech officer searched our house and gave us half an hour to get ready. We would have to go on foot, taking with us only what we could carry.

My father had died two years before. My two sisters and I had lost our husbands in the war. Sadly we gathered our children—six altogether—and, with my mother, prepared to leave what had been our home for so many years. On an inspiration, mother showed the officer the official nazi papers discharging my parents from prison.

That changed everything. The Allied Armistice Commission had granted victims of nazi persecution asylum in the West. We were allowed to remain in our home six months more. Then, our luggage packed, we were transported in American trucks to U. S.-occupied Bavaria.

How unsearchable are the ways of God! Mother's unthinking act of kindness years before had brought this blessing to her whole family.

Hermine Lorenz

*[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]*

# I'm a Family Doctor

*The general practitioner should be your first stop in your search for medical help*

By FRANCIS T. HODGES, M.D.,

with JOSEPH LAITIN

Condensed from *Collier's*\*

**I**'M A doctor. Not a pediatrician, nor a gynecologist, psychiatrist, internist, ophthalmologist, dermatologist. Just a plain, ordinary, family doctor. My father and grandfather were family doctors, too. Like them, I do considerable surgery, prescribe pills, deliver babies, and give advice on family problems. Like them, I know a lot of my patients by their first names. I like it that way.

Contrary to the popular idea, I am not a museum piece and I don't creak at the joints. I'm 47 years old. I like to drive sports cars, and to read Li'l Abner. There's still a little bounce left in my step—although I'll admit that those 3 A.M. house calls are getting tougher every year. And with modern medicine faster paced than in my grandfather's day, I take frequent refresher courses to keep on top of latest medical developments.

I mention these details because the general practitioner has been converted in the public mind into the M.D. who somehow never quite made the grade.

He has been pushed farther and farther toward the side lines by much of the public and even some of the medical profession. And while the general practitioner, or G.P., has been steadily losing ground, people have been turning more and more to specialists. Since medical schools began to emphasize the training of specialists about a generation ago, they have become the elite of the medical fraternity. They command the highest fees,



\*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. Aug. 6, 1954. Copyright 1954 by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.



the most prestige, the fanciest offices.

The G.P. who comes right out and calls himself a family doctor may be jokingly referred to by his colleagues as "a self-confessed G.P." I know a family doctor whose shingle reads "obstetrician and gynecologist" even though he's actually practicing general medicine. There are many like him. So great a stigma has become attached to the term "family doctor" that the California Medical Association recently suggested dropping it in favor of "personal physician."

Through the years many patients, originally referred to specialists only when their ailments required special skills, began to think of a specialist for every ill. When they couldn't afford both a specialist and family doctor, many chose the specialist.

The trend toward specialization resulted from the vast increase in medical and scientific knowledge. But the trend got so strong that today there's a specialist for every two general practitioners. In many parts of the country, the specialists outnumber the G.P.'s. The imbalance, I believe, creates a hazard not only to the medical profession but, more important, to the health of the American public.

Now, I'm not arguing against the specialist. He restricts himself to a particular area of the complex human being. In medical school, his training was keyed to a single seg-

ment. In practice, he is concerned only with this segment. Often he has special natural skills, and may perform spectacularly in his own field.

But specialization leads to seeing man disassembled. It leads to the clinic approach, in which various specialists pool their knowledge. But even then the sum of the parts is not the whole. The specialists still need to know what only the family physician can tell them about the patient—the stresses and strains with family and friends, the whole social structure within which he lives. The patient is a complex of the body, mind, and emotions, in a particular social and economic situation. Only the G.P. deals with this total picture; he is a specialist in the whole human being.

Take a family of 18 that has been under my care for the last five years. For this family of three generations, whose ages range from four to 74, I have performed all medical services from obstetric to geriatric. Except for optical examinations or laboratory services, I have had to call in specialists on only two occasions.

As all good G.P.'s should be, I am aware of my limitations. I call in outside aid whenever a situation exceeds my ability. But I have delivered this family's babies, taken out their tonsils, performed an excision of skin cancer, and removed an acute appendix. I've seen the youngsters through measles, mumps,



and chicken pox. One of the teenage girls dislocated her knee learning the Charleston. I eventually sent her back to her dancing school with the warning that the dances of my day were perhaps a little strenuous for her.

Grandpa has high blood pressure, and my best medical judgment would dictate his retirement from the family business. But if I destroyed his sense of usefulness, I'm certain it would shorten his life. So I conspire with the rest of the family to keep his work light. Grandma's arteries are brittle, but there's little I can do about them except to apply various therapeutic measures to slow the hardening.

My obligation to this family is to see that it receives all necessary medical care. I know the members of the family well; equally important, they know me well. The family is one of the happiest I know, and even this knowledge is of great aid in treating its ailments. Hardly a week goes by but one member or another is in my office, and in this way I keep in touch with the rest.

The specialist sees the patient only when he's ill. Not so the G.P. When I make a house call, I learn more than just the temperature of the bedridden one. I check up on the health of the whole family; I practice preventive medicine. I may suggest that father cut down on his cigar smoking, or content himself with nine holes of golf. I might propose we do something about

little Judy's excess fat or get to work on young Billy's pimples.

In addition to physical well-being, a family physician takes into consideration his patient's economic well-being. If each of the services I rendered to my family of 18 had been handled by a specialist, the family's carefully budgeted medical fund would have been exhausted long ago. Many people go to specialists for a variety of illnesses when a single visit to a good G.P. would be more than adequate.

Often a patient turns up with an illness that requires more than a knowledge of medicine to cure. This was the case with five-year-old Mary, who was brought to me with a severe asthmatic condition. From a brief chat with her parents I sensed a tension between them, and I suggested the child be placed in the hospital for a few days. I noted that Mary's condition began to improve almost immediately with virtually no medication. If I can discover the source of the parents' tension and get them to do something about it, I have a hunch Mary's asthma will take care of itself.

There are heartening signs that the family doctor is beginning to come back into his own. A survey of senior medical students made in 1947 showed that only one man out of ten planned to enter general practice. Recently another survey revealed that of 13 schools, the majority of students in eight of them

planned to enter general practice.

The University of Pennsylvania has recently added general practice to its curriculum. A few others have done likewise. I believe more should, and must, if the American family is to get proper medical care in the future.

I think the cause of medicine and the health of the nation would be served by requiring all medical-school graduates to serve a certain number of years as family doctors before they could become specialists. It would give the new M.D. a chance to familiarize himself with the whole problem of medical care and would provide a better opportunity for him to make certain that he was going into the specialty for which he was best suited. He would learn at what point medicine becomes an art. He would learn that it is important not only to know what the patient had for breakfast, but even what the patient thought about at breakfast.

There have been a lot of magazine articles on how you should pick a specialist. But actually you shouldn't. Your family doctor should do it, and decide when you need one. Your personal physician is the only one who can guide you through the maze of modern medicine. But how should you pick your family doctor? First, do it while you're well, not when you're sick, or you may get one you don't like or one whose fees are too high.

When a patient of mine moves

to a new city, I try to give him the names of two or three family doctors in that area. I encourage him to call upon each doctor I recommend just to meet and talk with him. I don't charge for such visits and I don't believe other doctors do, so long as the patient isn't seeking medical advice. Such social calls give the patient a chance to size up the physician and ask some important questions, such as what hospital staff he is on. A prospective patient who made such a call on me once asked what my hobbies were. Since a community of interest was important to him in the doctor-patient relationship, I thought it was a good question and I was glad to answer it.

If you have small children, you should seek out a family doctor who does some pediatrics. You may prefer a G.P. who does obstetrics. Don't hesitate to ask a doctor about his fees. I keep a list of my routine fees, and am always glad to go over it with a patient. Like all doctors, I scale my fees downward when a patient can't afford my usual charge. There are some doctors who cling to the old Robin Hood formula—charging big fees to wealthier patients to compensate for reduced fees from those with low incomes—but most G.P.'s have abandoned this policy. A physician who keeps a regular fee list will not ask what your income is unless you tell him you can't afford his fee.

A patient who is under financial

stress will usually find the going a little easier with a specialist if he is referred to him by the family doctor. Your personal physician will often suggest to the specialist what the charge should be—if anything. Because the family doctor is usually in a position to know the individual's economic situation, the specialist relies on his advice.

When I get discouraged, as sometimes we all do, I remember my grandfather. When his heart began to fail, he retired to a small New England town to spend his remaining days quietly. Then a smallpox epidemic broke out. Ignoring his already fatigued heart, my grandfather picked up his little black bag and worked around the clock until

the epidemic was under control. The strain hastened his death.

In my office, I keep his little silver cup bearing this inscription: "Presented to Edward Francis Hodges, M.D., by unanimous vote of the town of Cavendish, Vermont, in annual meeting assembled, March 5, 1912, in appreciation of his services during the smallpox epidemic of 1911."

I sometimes feel sorry for the specialist. He doesn't often have the warm, personal associations with his patient that we family doctors get every day. How many specialists ever hear their patients refer to them as "my doctor"? How many specialists have ever been presented with a little silver cup?

## *How Your Church Can Raise Money*

THE WOMEN of our Long Beach, California, parish loaned their cleaning equipment—vacuum cleaners, sponges, and brooms—to the Boy Scouts. The boys sent around notices that parishioners could have their

cars cleaned on Saturday. Seventy-five cars had their upholstery and exterior finish looking like new by the end of the day. The parish Scout club raised \$75.

*Florence Jackson*

TRADING STAMPS, offered by many local merchants on all purchases, were turned in to a committee that was preparing the annual bazaar at the church of St. John Chrysostom of Inglewood, Cal. The stamps



were redeemed for many beautiful and useful items. Lamps and appliances were used to stock one of the booths at the bazaar. That booth cleared a profit of \$700.

*Leon Pilon, Jr.*

*Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.*

# Vain Victory at Alexandria

*The Italians had the mastery of  
the Mediterranean for a while in  
1941 but didn't know it*

By DAVID MASTERS

Condensed from "Epics of Salvage"\*

**P**RINCE GIULIO VALERIO BORGHESE glided away from the island of Lero in the Dodecanese on the morning of Dec. 14, 1941, in the Italian submarine *Scire*. He had with him three torpedoes, housed in big cylinders on the deck of the sub. He was headed for Alexandria harbor, where he intended to sink the famous British battleship *Queen Elizabeth* and her consort *Valiant*. The Italian torpedoes would not be fired from the submarine, but would be ridden to their destinations by six operators, two to each torpedo.

British Admiral Cunningham, in command at Alexandria, had just won surface supremacy of the Mediterranean. But he was taking no risks; a successful attack by man-

ridden torpedoes on British shipping at Gibraltar made it plain that Italian seamen were still glad to risk their lives for their country. Cunningham made a special check on the Alexandria harbor defenses.

The Italian torpedo-riding crews were clever swimmers whose training had been long and arduous. They had worked as teams to find out the idiosyncrasies of their craft. They practiced their code of underwater signals by touch until their reactions were automatic.

The specialists in this branch of the Italian navy nicknamed their torpedoes "pigs"; in the British navy they were known as "chariots." The Italian pig was 21 feet long and three feet in diameter. It had a propeller astern and two



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bucket seats let into the hull on which the men sat astride wearing watertight suits and breathing masks. An oxygen container on their backs enabled them to breathe under water for long periods.

The torpedo was packed with intricate machinery, propelled by batteries which gave it a range of 12 miles, and equipped with tanks for diving or surfacing. Its maximum diving depth was 100 feet. In attack, it was stopped on the bottom as near as possible to the ship. Then the mechanic would dismount and help his companion detach the warhead, sling it under the bottom of the ship, and clip it to the keel.

The attacking teams were well briefed. Reconnaissance aircraft had reported that two battleships of the *Queen Elizabeth* class and an aircraft carrier as well as cruisers and other ships were anchored in Alexandria harbor. Their plan of escape was to swim ashore after carrying out their mission and make their way in the guise of French seamen to Rosetta. There, another submarine would wait on the nights of Dec. 24 and 26 to pick them up.

Just before nine o'clock on the night of Dec. 18, the *Scire* nosed her way into position a mile or so north of Alexandria harbor. Prince Borghese brought her gently up. The attackers climbed out of the conning tower, and pulled their pigs from the protecting cylinders. They took their seats, and waited as the *Scire* gradually submerged.

The launching of the pigs went without a hitch.

The sea was flat calm as Lieutenant de la Penne looked around to get his bearings. Conditions were perfect. It was so dark that nothing was visible. The leader set off with his tiny flotilla towards the harbor entrance. The men were submerged up to the neck, ready to drop under at any moment to avoid detection. They glided along quietly at about two miles an hour.

A British motor launch without lights began to speed up and down outside the harbor entrance. It was scattering depth charges to kill any submarine that might be lurking about.

But luck was with them. After a while, the buoys marking the channel into the harbor lit up. That meant a ship coming in or going out. The boom across the harbor entrance would be opened.

Here was an opportunity, and de la Penne seized it. He gave the other crews instructions to dodge into the harbor when the boom opened, and he lurked with them. Suddenly, a destroyer loomed up, with another following at a safe interval. The three pigs made for the entrance, and got through undetected in the wake of the warships.

De la Penne saw two cruisers and recognized the silhouette of the interned French battleship *Lorraine* before he made out the British battleship that was his target.

Moving stealthily towards her, he suddenly hit a steel protection net some 50 or 60 yards away from the hull. He nosed around for a gap. Then he took the chariot down, hoping to find a way under, but the net touched bottom. His suit was letting in water. He began to feel very cold.

Surfacing again, he took the risk of manipulating the chariot over the top of the net, fearing all the time that the guns would open up. But he remained unseen, and he moved forward a few yards, then submerged to bring the chariot up to the battleship.

Then the chariot stopped dead. A wire had fouled the propeller. He told his companion Bianci to clear the obstruction. When he went to see if the propeller were freed, he could find no trace of his teammate. Bianci had vanished.

Wet and cold and rather shaken, de la Penne dived again, and fought to free the propeller. The wire was twisted so tightly that he couldn't untangle it. He decided to move the warhead to the battleship singlehanded.

The leak in his suit became worse as he dragged the charge slowly along the muddy bottom. His exertions were tiring him. His goggles became misty with sweat. Trying to clear them, he accidentally let in a little water and was forced to gulp it down to get rid of it. Rising to the surface to make sure that he had dragged the charge right un-

der the battleship, he went down again to set the time fuse. The task of clipping the charge to the keel was beyond his strength, and he left it lying on the bottom.

Utterly exhausted, he rose to the surface. Tearing the diving gear from his head and back, he started to swim slowly away from the *Valiant*. At once, a sentry located him with an Aldis lamp and raised the alarm. Searchlights flashed out. Machine guns began to chatter. Turning under the bow of the warship, the tired Italian clambered up on a buoy where, to his amazement, he found the missing Bianci.

Bianci had lost consciousness in trying to free the propeller. Then he floated to the surface, where he came to and took refuge on the buoy.

By now the harbor was alive with searchlights. In a few minutes a launch arrived for the two prisoners.

They disclosed that they were Italians, and handed over their identification papers. News of the capture was passed at once to the *Queen Elizabeth*. An interpreter did his best to get information from the Italians, but failed. Captain Charles Morgan of the *Valiant* informed the Italian officer that he would be involved in anything that happened to the ship. The prisoner remained silent.

"Take him below," said Captain Morgan.

The prisoner was thereupon es-



corted to a small compartment deep in the ship, right over the spot where he had placed the charge. The British naval officer gave him a glass of rum, and locked the door on him.

Meanwhile, Engineer Captain Marceglia had managed to identify the silhouette of the battleship that was marked as his quarry. He too bumped into the defense net. Backing away, he began to hunt for a way in. The net was far too heavy to lift at the bottom to allow him to squeeze underneath. At last, he found a small space just big enough to allow the chariot to enter.

No sound came from the *Queen Elizabeth*. Approaching quietly, he took the chariot to the bottom and moved forward until he seemed to be right under the ship. He rose, and began to help his teammate Schergat attach the charge to the keel. The mechanic had been breathing oxygen. Feeling sick, he had to rest. Marceglia carried on, and got the charge attached.

As quietly as they had entered, they stole out of the harbor and made for the beach at Macello. They then destroyed their equipment, and wandered ashore.

The Italian planners had made one mistake. They furnished the raiders with English money, which the Egyptians would not accept. However, the Italians played their parts astonishingly well all day, and after several narrow escapes they made their way to Rosetta.

Their freedom was short-lived. A suspicious Egyptian policeman handed them over to the British authorities.

Captain Martellotta, on the third chariot, failed to locate the aircraft carrier. She had, in fact, already left Alexandria. He began to look for another worth-while target. Finally he came on a tanker which he planned to destroy, and thereby turn the harbor into a blazing inferno. Her oil would float out over the surface, and he would set this oil afire with floating incendiary bombs.

At the critical moment, just as he maneuvered the chariot under the tanker, he, too, fell ill from excess oxygen. He swam to the surface, and took off his mask to fill his lungs. Meanwhile, his mechanic Marino fixed the charge unaided. Marino steered the pig to the surface, where Martellotta remounted, and they glided away from the tanker and put down four floating incendiary bombs about 100 yards from the tanker. They swam ashore, to enjoy only an hour or two of freedom.

De la Penne was still immured in the bowels of the *Valiant*. Bianci, in another compartment, was so worn out that he fell asleep.

For nearly an hour, de la Penne suffered his ordeal, looking anxiously at his watch, wondering if the charge would go off before time or if it would fail. Just before 6 A.M. he could stand the suspense no



longer. He hammered on the door, shouting that he wanted to speak to the captain.

"Bring him up," ordered Captain Morgan.

"There will soon be an explosion," said the prisoner.

"Where have you put the charge?" the captain demanded.

The prisoner refused to answer.

At that moment came the sound of an explosion from the tanker some distance away. "Will the *Valiant* be concerned?" they demanded, but de la Penne would give no information.

"Take him down again."

By now a line had been passed right under the keel of the ship from stem to stern. As the charge was lying on the sea bed, it was not swept clear. All the watertight doors were closed; and the entire crew was drawn up on the upper deck, where they were told what had happened.

At 6:05 A.M. the *Valiant* heaved under the shock of the explosion. A cataract of water shot up into the heavens and rained down on them as the battleship settled down on the mud.

Lieutenant de la Penne thought the end had come. The floor moved up under his feet, fittings fell about him, the place was filled with acrid smoke. He was unharmed except for a slight leg bruise. Opening a scuttle, he strove to climb out, but the aperture was too small. Then he tried the entrance. The door

opened, and he made his way to the upper deck.

A quarter of a mile away the *Queen Elizabeth* lay at anchor. Even as he gazed across at her in the morning light a great explosion shook her, and she, too, settled down in the mud.

Thus two of the finest British battleships were sunk. It was a stunning disaster for the royal navy. Its strength had been sadly sapped in evacuating the troops from Greece and Crete. The *Barham* had already been torpedoed with a heavy death roll. The *Warspite* had been knocked out by a bomb which dropped straight down the funnel and ruined the machinery. Now this tragic loss made the Italians masters of the Mediterranean. They could go anywhere they liked and do anything they wanted. Great Britain had not a single battleship in the Mediterranean.

That incredible luck which enabled six men to sink two battleships and a tanker in Alexandria harbor without the loss of a single life deserted the enemy at the crucial moment. Early on that morning of Dec. 19, Prince Borghese surfaced in the *Scire* off Alexandria, and watched anxiously for signs of explosions that would tell him whether the great plan had succeeded. At last, unable to risk his ship on the surface any longer, he had to dive and speed away.

Five days later, on Christmas eve, the submarine waited at the ren-

devious off Rosetta, scanning sea and shore for the men who did not come. Returning to the rendezvous on Dec. 26, Borghese watched tensely for signals. There were none, no trace of his compatriots, so he had to go back without finding out what had happened.

The Italians had achieved one of the most remarkable victories in naval warfare, but they did not know it. That the British were able to keep it dark was as extraordinary as the Italian victory itself. Thousands of British seamen on the sunken battleships knew what had occurred. Axis spies abounded in Cairo and Alexandria. Nothing leaked out to the enemy.

Italian aircraft reconnoitered Alexandria harbor. Everything looked the same as before. Parties given aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* helped deceive Italian observers. The *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Valiant* rode serenely at their anchors.

The fact that they had sunk and were sitting upright on the bottom was not visible from the air.

The Italians were absolutely deceived. They kept their warships safely in harbor instead of exploiting their incredible victory, while the British secretly refloated and repaired the damaged ships.

*De la Penne, after Italy changed sides later in the war, was released from prison camp to fight on the Allied side. He made a brilliant attack on the German ships in the harbor of Spezia.*

*At Taranto in March, 1945, Prince Umberto of Italy was awarding decorations. As he came to Lt. Luigi de la Penne, he turned to the British officer accompanying him, and said, "I think this is your turn."*

*With a smile, Admiral Charles Morgan pinned a gold medal upon the breast of the man who had sunk his ship.*



### The Cover

WE ARE proud to present, for the first time in the U.S., the distinguished painter, Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo. His *Annunciation* appears on the cover, and it is made available to you in full-size four-color reproduction (15½"x21") suitable for framing.

Señor Hidalgo happens to live in Mexico. So Gabriel wears a *serape* as he holds the symbol of purity and says the Hail Mary for the first time.

Critics have remarked about the childlike simplicity of his work, the holy reverence, the reverent humor. All agree that he is "even better than Berta Hummel."

You will want this (first of a series) to frame. What a gift for a child! Or for anyone else, including yourself!

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*A shrine for Americans and a  
lighthouse for the Free World*

# The U. S. Capitol

By TRISTRAM COFFIN

Condensed from the book "Your Washington"

NO SIGHT in Washington so stirs the hearts of men as the dome of the Capitol rising from the night. There, standing alone on the crest of the hill, glowing under floodlights like a jewel on the black-velvet cape of night, she seems the shrine of freedom.

A senator-elect, coming to Washington after nightfall, saw the dome above the broken skyline as he crossed the Memorial bridge. "I felt strangely humble, as if I were in the presence of a higher spirit," he wrote a friend. "All my pride and arrogance in what I, as a senator, would do, melted away. I knew then that men alone cannot guide a nation. A greater Power must lead them."

Everything about the great structure shows that it belongs to all Americans.

The priceless tile floors, the majestic, sweeping stairways are worn with the steady tread of the people—great and obscure, rich and poor, wise and foolish. Laughing, bare-foot Negro children, boys in the khaki of enlisted men, and the stern white hair of age stand side by side before the statues and portraits. They mingle in the halls with our country's senators, representatives, cabinet members.

The Capitol is much more than a shrine. It is a witness to the growing strength of the U.S. It is cathedral-like in the great, glowing room under the dome. And it is a stage for a constant drama as thundering as the Old Testament.

The Capitol has seen Washington grow from a community of rude sim-



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plicity and hope, through defeat and trial, to a power undreamed of even by a Caesar.

In the beginning, when it was known as Congress House, the Capitol stood on a hill where the Powhatan Indians once lit their tribal fires. Shanties, ditches, and rutted roads marked the forest below. Pennsylvania Ave. was a bog covered with alder bushes and scrub oak.

Late in the summer of 1814, invading British troops burned the Capitol to avenge the American raid on Toronto and the burning of Canada's Parliament building. At the cornerstone laying for the reconstruction, Daniel Webster bravely told the world, "Be it known on this day, the Union of the United States stands firm; that their Constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger."

Twenty years later, the Union was divided. The sounds of civil war could be heard from the Capitol terrace, and the building itself was in part a barracks. But today, the occasional visitor who climbs the 365 steps to the dome sees only majesty and might.

The dome now seems a lighthouse for the free world. Years ago, huge lanterns shone out from it when Congress was in night session. They were placed in the narrow columned space between the dome and the huge, bronze statue,

the Goddess of Freedom, on top. In modern times, except for the 2nd World War blackout, floodlights illumine the dome at night.

The statue atop the dome represents Armed Liberty. She rests upon the shield of our country, the triumph of which is apparent by the wreath in the same hand which grasps the shield; in her right hand she holds the sheathed sword to show the fight is over for the present, but ready for use. The stars upon her brow indicate her heavenly origin; her position upon the globe represents her protection of the American world.

Her headdress is Americana, a helmet topped by an eagle's head and feathers. The sculptor's original plan was a simple cap, the age-old symbol of freedom. But Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederacy, objected. The cap was the Roman badge of emancipation; when a slave was freed he was given a cap. Davis wanted no such antislavery propaganda atop the Capitol, so the sculptor was forced to search for a symbol as native to America as corn and tobacco.

The area under the dome has the atmosphere of a cathedral. It is a hallowed place for thousands of tourists who pass through the bronze doors daily. Even on gloomy, dark days in the chambers, a mellow light touches the rotunda. It gives life to the indescribably sad eyes of Lincoln, and lights up

the fiercely independent face of Jackson. It gives a softly religious glow to the fresco of Washington in the eye of the dome.

The past, present, and future gather in this cathedral. The heroic past is enshrined in paint, marble, and bronze. The leaders of today, their foreheads creased with the cares of the moment, stride through the rotunda with no time for yesterday. And somewhere in the crowd of eager school kids, there is a future senator, perhaps a President.

America's past begins with the magnificent bronze doors on the east. The path of Christopher Columbus is boldly carved out of cold metal. In the main panel above the transom, Columbus, a finely carved miniature figure, finds the New World. He stands triumphantly on a mound of shore. Below him a sailor prays, and natives crouch behind a tree in fright.

The dramatic canvases that splash the great walls of the rotunda are of the hard birth of a new nation: *Signing of the Declaration of Independence*, *Surrender of General Burgoyne*, *Baptism of Pocahontas*, *Surrender of Lord Cornwallis*. Other paintings in the rotunda represent George Washington resigning his commission as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army, the landing of the Pilgrims, Columbus reaching America, and De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi.

Against the west wall of the rotunda is a face as memorable as death. The sadness haunts a visitor years later. This is Gutzon Borglum's head of Lincoln, rising from a block of marble. Here is the Lincoln who suffered with every mother of a fallen soldier, who looked with each prisoner through the bars at freedom beyond.

From above, the fresco in the eye of the dome is the loving labor of a genius, Constantino Brumidi, the "Michelangelo" of the Capitol. Once a captain of Papal Guards, Brumidi came to America as a pilgrim to a shrine, and, when he was naturalized, proudly signed his paintings "Citizen of the U.S."

The central figure is George Washington, a robe over his knees, a sword in his left hand, surrounded by the representations of Victory and Liberty and 13 angels. Below him, Freedom, a Joan of Arc figure with a red, white, and blue shield, strikes down the villains of Tyranny, Kingly Power, Anger, Vengeance, and Discord.

Throughout the Capitol is the touch of Brumidi's affection and genius: the frieze encircling the rotunda, the bronze stairs of angels and flowers to the House Chamber, the wonder and rich flourishes of the President's room off the Senate chamber.

In committee rooms tucked away in odd corners, the art and allegory of Brumidi fill walls and ceilings. A sobering look at the past is

Washington at Valley Forge. In the bleak snow, Washington wrapped in a cape looks on a group of his soldiers, one of them barefoot, huddled about a fire. This was to remind senators, studying military affairs in this room, of the sacrifice that brought our nation into being.

Although Brumidi re-created American history in an ancient art form, the Capitol is filled with examples of pure Americana. One is the six famous "corncob" columns praised by Jefferson. They are in a small ground-floor lobby of the Senate wing. At the top of the columns are ears of corn. Guards insist that small holes in the columns must have been made by bullets in some long-past, unrecorded duel.

Not many steps distant are the valiant heads of three women rising from a block of stone. They are of Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, pioneers in the fight for women's suffrage.

Over the steps to the House gallery is a mammoth painting of a wagon train crossing the Rockies. The pioneers stand weary but elated, looking at the columns of smoke beyond in the promised land.

For those who like their drama fresh, strong, sometimes crude, there is no stage in America like the Capitol. Where else could a war hero plead for more arms for

his men, and sink his aching head on a table? Where else could a strange, slack-mouthed man peer through the smoky haze of a crowded room, point his finger at a disdainful, aloof high government official, and call him a traitor who led a double life? Where else could a scientist fearfully describe his own creation, the atomic bomb?

These are scenes from congressional committee hearings. Almost every day, in some cranny of the Capitol, these hearings unfold before fascinated audiences of congressmen, reporters, and lobbyists, and sometimes, through TV, to the whole nation.

After the struggles of the day, peace comes at dusk to the Capitol. On a June night, the people of Washington, young and old, of every color and creed, sit on the lawn and listen to the Navy band.

From the west terrace is a view no artist could draw. On either side of the terrace, the air is fragrant with white magnolia. Ivy creeps up the stone railings. Squirrels scamper over the broad lawn, while sparrows sing from old trees. Straight ahead, the Washington monument, a sword of stone, rises against a brilliant sky, where streaks of gold-tipped red and bands of orange shoot from the Virginia hills as from some distant, awful fire.

There, at last, is a haven where the confused, overlaid congressman can find strength to carry on.



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By  
James  
C. G. Conniff

## *First Win the Heart*

SOME 2,500 dedicated women are proving in 21 countries that nuns do something besides pray. To keep a home together in which the mother is sick, this particular group often works right around the clock. Families preserved by their nursing and house-keeping skill will testify through tears that by far the best neighbors on earth are the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

Actually, these domestics for Christ are praying, too. An Order not yet a century old, their watchword is the ancient precept of St. Benedict: *Ora et labora* (Work and pray).

Their toil is always personal, in and for the home. It takes strange,

Early in the morning the Little Sisters of the Assumption leave their convent to help in slum homes where illness or loss of a job has created hardship.

inspiring forms. Changing fetid dressings in a hut in Bolivia, or bathing sick Moslem children in a North African harem, or cooking with kerosene for a six-child Puerto Rican family in a pigeon coop atop a Manhattan tenement—these women are a living refutation of the idea that the Church dispenses nothing but “Christian charity, boxed and iced, by a careful, cold, statistical Christ.”

Career people in this field agree that their methods could never be made to work in organized, big-time charity.

Ignorance can be a wonderful thing, depending on who has it. A bumblebee doesn't know that because of the way God made him it is aerodynamically impossible for him to fly. So he flies rings around his critics. On a 21-nation front, the Little Sisters of the Assumption,

not knowing any better, go right on merrily running a charitable organization unmatched by the biggest operation the big-time theorists ever dreamed of.

These nuns will accept no money from any member of a family they have assisted. It is a rule of their Order. They will not take even such a little thing as a glass of water in the home in which they are working.

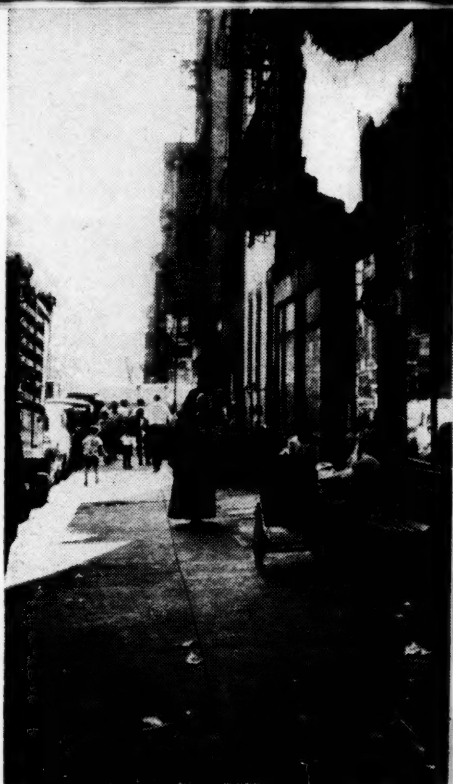
There is, of course, nothing to stop you from showing gratitude anonymously. But in the homes where the Little Sisters seek the invisible penny of the Lord, people with money are rare.

Such homes do have something else, though, which complicates all charitable work. That something is a just and sensitive pride. The nuns handle it like the sacred vessel it is.

Old hands in organized charity have to steel themselves, at first, to ask questions about personal affairs. But soon they can probe your most intimate family secrets with their cold, unfeeling routine. But you still feel it, painfully. The Little Sisters of the Assumption, knowing this, ask no questions of any kind. Ever.

This attitude offers the professional sponger a chance to take advantage of the Sister's dedication. But the Sisters avoid all cynicism at the occasional blend of misery and machination they encounter.

**"Who's that lady?" the little eyes ask. But Sister's reassuring smile and quiet manner quickly put the tots at ease.**



One Little Sister forgot her gloves in the slum home where she had brought a supply of food. Returning for them, she surprised the eldest child bringing in from its hiding place on the fire escape a plump chicken to crown the feast.

As if nothing out of the way had happened, the Little Sister took the chicken from the speechless girl's hands. Keeping up a bright line of talk, she showed her how to prepare it for dinner. Then, when it was safely cooking, she left, with a smile, a word of caution to watch the stove, and a warm, heartfelt "God bless you!"

Sometimes somebody tries to get more pity than is due by having his children ditch their shoes on the fire escape and meet the nun barefoot. But it is to the credit of the poor that such twisted response to mercy is the exception, not the rule.

Well it may be, for the Little Sisters do more than maintain a scrupulous respect for family privacy. They carry their devotion to yet another extreme. Social-service personnel who enter a home to nurse the mother or take care of the children are highly trained and experienced. It is to be expected that they will use the methods they've found most efficient. Expected, it seems, by everybody but the people they come to help.

**The Little Sister's tasks are maternal ones. It is above all her capacity for serving in the role of mother that assures the success of her mission: the re-Christianization of the family.**

New methods from an outsider are bound to appear an intrusion on the smooth, comfortable grooves of any home's daily routine. Inevitably, even those most in need of help find themselves resenting the way it's packaged.

With the Little Sisters, this problem never arises. They do things *your* way. This, again, is one of the rules of their Order. It makes of their enormous housekeeping and nursing know-how probably the most flexible instrument of charity on earth.

Some of the techniques they willingly adopt in a home may be far inferior to their own skills. Yet they are careful never to let this



be known, never to seem patronizing. Their idea appears to be that material assistance, unless it also eases mind and heart, is really no help at all.

The sick mother, if her condition permits it, is consulted about everything. Does she use bar soap or flakes in doing up the curtains? Hang them tie-back or straight? Will the youngest one have soup and a sandwich for lunch? Should daughter do her homework before going out to play, or come in half an hour before supper? Does father like a cup of coffee when he comes home from work?

Here, of course, the nun has to be a supreme psychologist. Hewing to this morale-building requirement of her Order for the good of the patient, she must at the same time avoid pestering the bedridden woman to distraction. The nuns play their part so skillfully that if the home wasn't mother-centered before the Little Sister came, it is when she leaves. And the children have learned to pitch in and love it.

The material value alone of the work these women do is staggering. From one of their convents in New York last year, 14 nuns fanned out from the Battery to 42nd St. to shore up 492 stricken homes. That was an average of 35 assignments per Sister, with about a week and a half spent in each home—or a total of some 34,860 nursing hours given gladly without a cent of pay.

By comparison with payment for

lay nurses, that one convent of the Little Sisters of the Assumption dispensed in 1953 professional and domestic services worth upward of \$150 thousand.

But this is a *workingman's* home. When illness strikes the heart of it, money for nursing care is out of the question. Happily, though, someone, a neighbor, perhaps the husband himself, has heard about these nuns. More happily still, one of their convents is near.

But then, complications. The family is Christian Scientist, or Baptist, or no religion at all. To the Little Sister answering the doorbell, this makes no difference. There is a human need. There will be a nun for as long as the need may last.

All over the world, wherever they have been invited to pitch camp, the Little Sisters themselves live sparingly on contributions from benefactors awed by this charity with no strings attached. Windfalls are used surreptitiously to flesh out food budgets shriveled by the costs of medical care. In one of their convents at Clapham, England, serving the wretched Battersea section of London, their success with the poor has so inspired Anglican civil authorities that Buckingham palace sends annually a substantial gift of money to help the nuns "spread much joy about them" at Christmas. In this same convent the blue coronation carpet of King George VI from Westminster abbey now serves as the chapel rug.



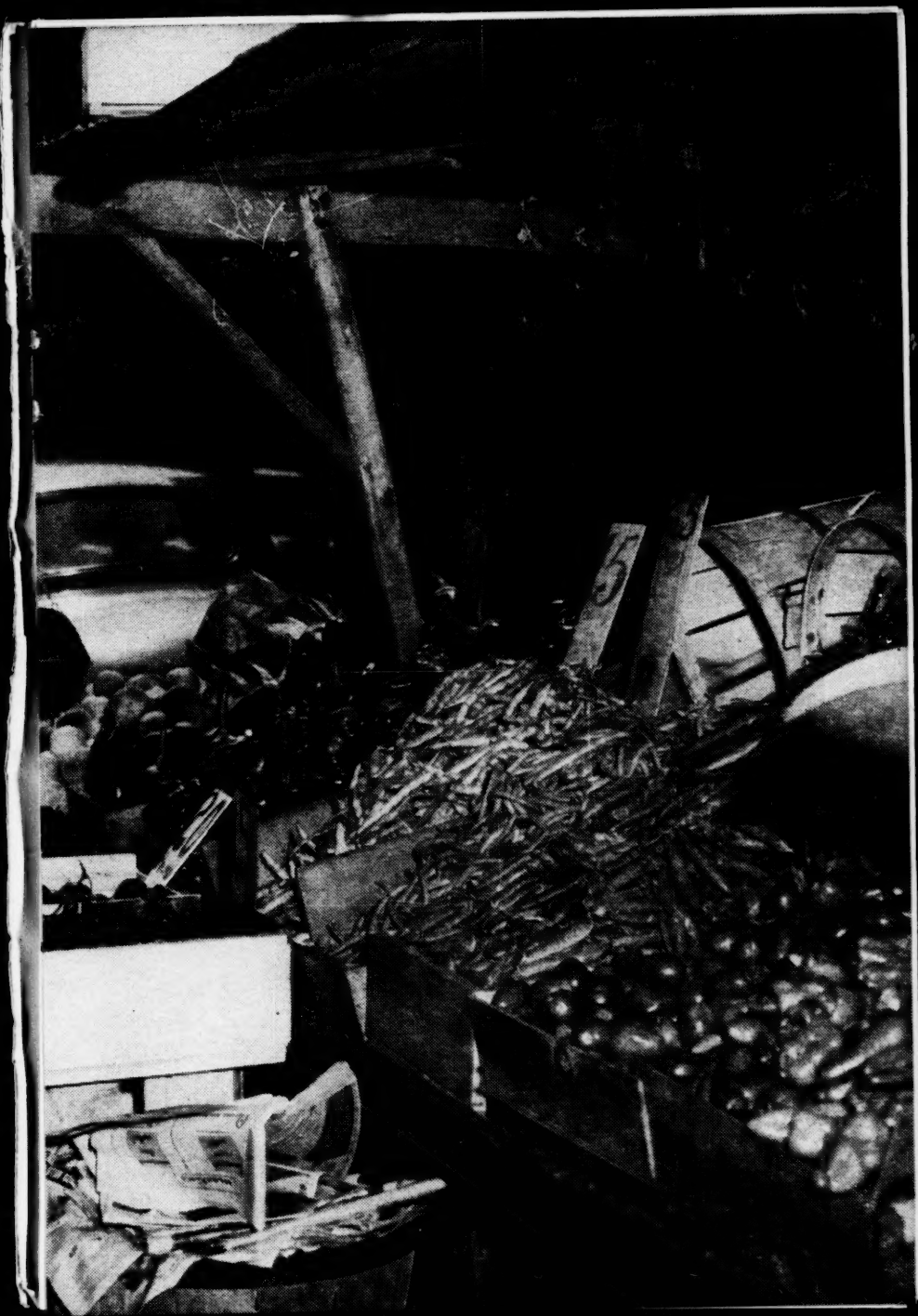
In New York, sophisticated groups hold frequent profitable card parties and dances for their benefit. In the fierce heart of Islam this "woman vowed to God" is welcomed by the Arab woman in a Tunisian patio, Bedouin hut, Moroccan derb or felahine of Suez, where no other "infidel" may penetrate, and frequently is tendered an offering by

conscience-stricken Moslems of wealth.

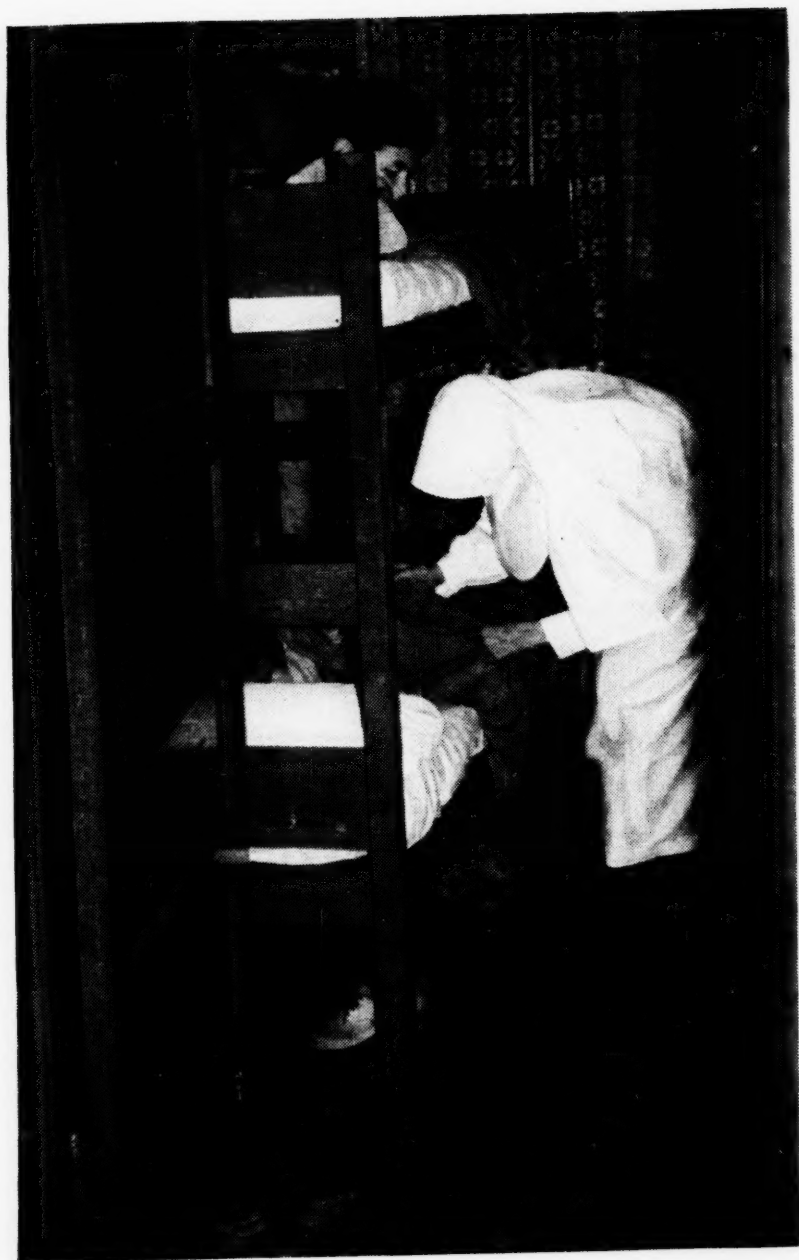
Sometimes, of course, drink is the cause of a stricken family's hardships. When this is so, the Little Sisters see to it that at least the little children involved do not go hungry. To make sure their charity isn't misdirected into the nearest tavern's till, they donate no













Added to her training as a nurse and her experience with nursing care in the home is the Little Sister's dedicated gentleness, her sympathy for the sick.

cash, only such food and clothing and shoes as can be used at the time. Even this is managed on the quiet, to preserve the self respect so vital to a family's future.

Where, on the other hand, a family's budget is reasonably sound, the nun helps keep it that way by getting from the ailing mother a list of daily needs. Then, on her

way to and from the convent, she does the family shopping at neighborhood stores.

The Little Sisters of the Assumption are well-trained shoppers and keen bargainers. Their lessons in home economics often leave the mother better able to cope with local merchants.

Young women who hope to make

a career of this uniquely satisfying work must be 16 years of age, with at least a high school education, before applying for admission.

But, because spiritual direction is needed beforehand, the average age on entering actually works out at 20 to 25.

Girls interested in knowing what the job calls for on a brass-tacks level before committing themselves can find out by joining a group of Pernettes, named for the founder, who assist the nuns at their various convents. Even after a girl has entered, a more permanent appraisal of her vocation is not made until she has acquired enough experience to determine her suitability to this strange blend of the active and contemplative life.

"It's a practical job," says a mother superior. "Only practical people are attracted to our work, those who want to see results badly enough to work for them. It is a vocation that has to be lived. You cannot get it from a book. Homes are not re-made in theory."

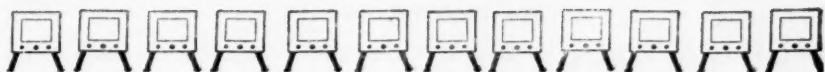
Nonetheless, for years after they are professed, the Little Sisters supplement their toil in the home with regular courses in social service, home economics, dietetics, child care, and the various phases of medicine, at the convent and in local hospitals. Time snatched from the home for these studies, and an eight-day retreat each year, are about their only relief.

Sometimes nurses enter after training on the outside, but the Order prefers to give its practical and spiritual indoctrination side by side. Otherwise, a re-education is in order. Widows, too, occasionally enter, and the nuns feel that such women are especially well qualified by experience.

In general, the requirements of the life are really quite simple: a natural bent for the homey virtues, a love of children and home life while denying these to one's self, a supreme tenderness for the sick and suffering. Yet it is also a demanding career on the highest levels of diplomacy. The nun may burn with desire to unfold the spiritual element which is the core of any home. Still, except by the example of her labors, she must not make the first move in that direction. This is another unbending rule of her Order. If the subject is not broached, she may not broach it.

Sometimes it never comes up. Then, after she has done her unexampled best for the home and has left it, she can only go on working for it in her prayers. But more usually her sheer competence will demand one of two conclusions: she is ridiculous; or she toils for a very lofty motive: the vision of Christ in her most wretched fellow man. Anyone watching her at work finds it almost impossible not to ask about that motive. In that moment, her work is crowned.

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## TV's Golden Dozen

*The CATHOLIC DIGEST reader poll shows what people want in their television programs*

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

**C**ATHOLIC DIGEST readers crave drama, humor, and variety in their television programs, but they want it wholesome, and they want the best, but will settle for the best they can get. They will also accept religion, but it must be dramatized and presented entertainingly.

These facts are revealed in the results of a six-month survey of TV preferences. Only 14 shows achieved places among the DIGEST's "Golden Dozen" over the half-year period. Of these, one was religious; four, variety; three, situation comedy; two, drama; two, quiz shows; one, mystery; and one, music.

CATHOLIC DIGEST readers rate Bishop Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* as far and away the top show on television today. In the six months of balloting, which ended at the same time that the bishop left the air for the summer, he was given top place every month in the *Golden Dozen* list. Furthermore, month after month, he outdistanced the second most popular show by approximately a third more votes—

in one month's voting his ballots almost doubled those cast for the runner-up.

Easily in 2nd place throughout the half year was the delightful family-situation comedy, *I Love Lucy*, starring Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* and Jack Webb's *Dragnet* alternated in 3rd and 4th places, the edge going to *Dragnet*, which was in 3rd place four times out of the six. Counted in as *Dragnet* votes were those cast for *Badge 714* (reissues of old *Dragnet* films), presented at a different hour. Sullivan's is a variety show, and *Dragnet* features true crime mysteries.

Fifth place on the *Golden Dozen* was shared during the half year by *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*, *Our Miss Brooks*, and the *Jackie Gleason Show*. In the first two months of voting, the Godfrey presentation held 5th place, slipping then to 8th, 11th, 12th, and 11th places.

*Our Miss Brooks*, situation comedy starring Eve Arden, gained in popularity; after beginning in 7th

place and then slipping to 12th, it jumped to and held 5th place for two months, slipped into 6th, and came back to 5th. Miss Brooks is the high-school teacher who never quite succeeds in getting her man.

Godfrey's show is on the air daily, Monday through Thursday, in contrast to all the other *Golden Dozen* shows, which are weekly. His show is largely musical, Godfrey acting as master of ceremonies for "the little Godfreys," but he also takes part himself from time to time. The Gleason show, variety, hit 5th position only once, otherwise alternating in 6th and 7th positions, after starting out 9th.

The production that made the next best showing was *I Remember Mama* (now simply *Mama*), also family-situation, which started in 8th place, rose to 6th, and finally slipped to 7th and then to 12th. Groucho Marx, deady ad libber, placed next with his *You Bet Your Life*, which first rated 11th, and then alternated between 8th and 9th for the rest of the voting. *What's My Line?*, quiz show, made the Golden Dozen every month, ranging from 6th to 11th.

The *Loretta Young Show* (formerly *Letter to Loretta*) got onto the *Golden Dozen* list four out of the six months. It made 9th place the second month, then slipped off to make room for *Studio One*, drama (which made the grade only twice), and then climbed through 7th and 10th places to finish 6th.

Loretta dramatizes problems of everyday living.

The controversial Liberace, who plays piano, sings, and winks, made *Golden Dozen* rating five times. He was 12th the first month, slipped off the list, then reached 11th, 12th, 11th, and 8th places. Fan clubs came to his support in the late voting, when ballots by the hundreds came in listing his name only. *Show of Shows* (Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca—since separated) made the *Golden Dozen* once.

Votes continued to come in during the summer, long after the official balloting was suspended, although in considerably lighter volume, and these votes also were tabulated, though not published. When Bishop Sheen left the air, he slipped into 2nd place, yielding 1st place to *I Love Lucy*, but the following month the bishop regained 1st, while *Lucy* slipped back to 3rd place, giving up 2nd position to Liberace, who had been 7th the month before. Other shows remained about the same as during the previous six months.

Many other programs won high positions consistently month after month, although their supporters were not quite numerous enough to push them up into the *Golden Dozen*. Had the voting involved the top 20 rather than the top 12, the following would certainly have been on the list most or all of the time:

I Married Joan, Mr. Peepers, Kraft Theater, Life of Riley, Perry Como, Dennis Day, My Little Margie, This Is Your Life, Your Hit Parade, Omnibus, I Led Three Lives, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, Topper, Burns and Allen, I've Got a Secret, Private Secretary, Colgate Comedy Hour, Red Buttons, Make Room for Daddy, Robert Montgomery Presents, Strike It Rich, Ford Theater; as well as perhaps Amateur Hour, Voice of Firestone and Firestone Hour, Hallmark Hall of Fame, and Four Star Playhouse.

Apart from the Bishop Sheen show, religious programs fared miserably in the voting. Ballots cast for the *Catholic Hour* were insignificant in number, and even Father Keller's *Christopher* show received a scanty vote. (Currently, the Keller program is given only 15 minutes.) Some of the correspondents hope Father Peyton's radio *Family Theater* will go over to TV, too.

The heavy voting for the shows which achieved *Golden Dozen* status, of course, bespeaks their top popularity, although even among those some received critical comment on grounds of breaches of good taste, occasional double-meaning jokes, not enough attention to modesty in dress or conduct, and downright monotony of situation or plot. However, favorable comment on the *Golden Dozen* far outweighed the adverse.

Bishop Sheen, of course, received highest praise. For instance: "*Life Is Worth Living* is the best television program, by far! Bishop Sheen is a marvelous speaker. We enjoy him immensely and are only sorry that he is not on during the summer months; however, we are looking forward eagerly to his fall series." Another voter wrote, "On Tuesday evenings, our living room is always full for the Bishop Sheen show, and they're not all Catholics either." Still another said, "He answers so many questions and makes what is really important clear in my mind. We go to different friends' homes to watch him. I'm so glad that even our non-Catholic friends are showing genuine interest now." Writers told of their children being enthralled along with the adults. A reader wants a full hour of Bishop Sheen. A woman told about the local Lutheran minister dropping in to enjoy Bishop Sheen with her and her Protestant husband.

Both high praise and scathing criticism were meted out to some shows, such as *Jackie Gleason*, *Dragnet*, and even *I Love Lucy*, but especially the Godfrey show and Liberace's. Comments on Liberace: "Liberace would be fine on radio, but on TV—No!" "Good music, marred by nonsensical personality of a good musician. If he'd only be his natural, manly self, and stop smiling, we might get a chance to concentrate on the music."

"Among the shows I like the least: Liberace." On the other hand, Liberace comments included: "A staunch Catholic, great pianist, and a warm personality that reaches into the hearts of many." "He has an unusually clean show, and has done wonders in converting people to appreciation of legitimate music." "I had thought of Liberace as just a 'pretty man.' He came to our city for a personal appearance. He isn't 'pretty,' really not especially nice looking, but an artist, from the simplest tunes to the most difficult. One thing I admire in him, as I do in Bing Crosby, Dennis Day, Pat O'Brien, etc.: he isn't ashamed or embarrassed to say he is a Catholic. I wish he would appear on the Christopher program, radio and TV."

Loretta Young was accorded special praise for her choice of gowns, gracious demeanor, and choice of programs. She was said to be "in a position to do good in an entertaining manner, and has seized the opportunity to do so."

General comments on television mainly expressed displeasure, from mild to angry, over baneful effects on children and some adults of an excess of gun play, brutality, and crime, and of suggestive and downright dirty jokes, indecent dress and dancing, and low moral tone generally, as well as low intellectual content both of many programs

and commercials. Some viewers bemoan the fact that competition between networks often forces a choice between two good shows; others regret the fact that a few excellent programs are on the air too late at night for younger people's viewing.

One optimistic writer regarded crime exposés as a deterrent to more crime, another said that they educate to crime. One correspondent detected insidious communist propaganda, approval of divorce, and ridicule of piety in some programs. Some demand was expressed for more educational programs, better coverage of sports.

Good children's shows, like *Ding Dong School* and *Zoo Parade*, were commended, and more asked for. Moron-level commercials were widely deplored: some people turn off the sound when such commercials come on.

Finally, many viewers voiced their gratitude for being given the opportunity to help clean up television by participating in the *Golden Dozen* balloting. As one person wrote, "The idea of seeking the best shows on television is a very good one. If the readers of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST vote conscientiously, we can go on record for the positive. The best results will come from praising what is good—and rely on the good sense and taste of all Americans to be with us."





# Man's Strangest Friend

*The termite wrecks houses,  
but he helps make the earth  
fit for us to live on*

By WEBB B. GARRISON

Condensed from the *Marianist*\*



TERMITES have a bad name. Most people think they only wreck things; actually they are Earth's most amazing builders.

Imagine, if you please, a construction job with these specifications. "Housing project to accommodate 4½ million. Must be air-conditioned. Entire structure under one roof. Successful bidder may take 200 years to complete, but must employ only blind workmen."

Termite colonies have been meeting the specifications for 50 million years. Toiling 24 hours a day, they dig grains of sand from tropical soil. Each particle is carefully cleaned, then carried to a construction point, and cemented in place. Grain by grain, the quarter-inch insects build mounds 40 feet high, containing as much as 23½ million pounds of earth.

An epoch in termite history may begin on almost any day in spring. Responding to some mysterious signal, the workmen of a colony move toward an outside wall. They built it up long ago, bit by bit.

Now they open a hole to admit the sunlight they have avoided all their lives.

Fluttering nervously, a part of the colony prepares to fly from the ancestral home. Some species build a flight platform just for this hour.

Some flutter only a few feet. The wind sweeps others half a mile. Only the fortunate survive. Night-hawks and flycatchers seize multitudes on the wing. Frogs, snakes, and lizards snatch others as they near the ground. Centipedes, crickets, beetles, and spiders gobble as many as they can catch.

Occasionally, a pair lands safely. Each insect makes a single deft movement and strips off its wings, carried for two years in preparation for 20 seconds of flight. The newlyweds scurry into the crack of a rotten log or push into damp earth, and begin frantic excavation. They clear a little cell. Sealed against the outside world, it is dark and humid, a proper place in which to rear termite young.

Eventually the bride will reign

\*309 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. September, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Society of Mary, Cincinnati province, and reprinted with permission.

as a queen, a laying machine producing 4,000 eggs a day for 10 years. Just now, she must be satisfied with only four eggs a day. For six days, she deposits her quota of pinpoint treasures, yellowish, and shaped like kidney beans. They need no special care; warmth of the underground cell will cause them to hatch.

The young mother assists her husband in enlarging their home during the two to four weeks she must wait for the first shell to be chipped. Much of the needed space is gained by simply eating outward. Using sawlike jaws, the insects rip off and swallow minute particles of wood. Some of it, moistened with saliva and other body fluids, is likely to be dumped in piles to rot. Fungus spreads over the tiny garden, and soon provides both heat and food.

The first babies burst through their shells. Unlike the young of most insects, tiny termites are active and fully formed. They seem to be miniature editions of their parents, and move about freely as soon as they hatch. Soon they burst out of their baby skins. Several other molts follow, and they reach maturity.

Meanwhile, weird influences have been at work upon them. They look and act less like their parents than when first hatched. Other tissues have pushed through space once occupied by their eyes. Tiny buds which should have grown in-

to wings have remained undeveloped. Reproductive organs have shrunk to uselessness. They are stark white in contrast to their dark-skinned parents.

As soon as the first group of termite children are big enough to stagger along with a burden, they organize a construction gang. Each blind worker knows where to take his load and how to fasten it in position.

No sooner do the children start digging and building than their mother and father quit work, permanently. The mother devotes her entire time and talents to laying eggs. The father loafes. The children feed the parents. Newly hatched termites are also fed by workers.

The young termites acquire special traits as they grow. Some develop weapons, and become soldiers. Others sprout wings and have eyes. Some warm day, these will fly away to establish colonies of their own.

Meanwhile, the soldiers protect the group from invasion by ants. The soldier's head is greatly enlarged, and has a comparatively thick skull. His jaws bristle with heavy teeth. Some soldiers have swordlike jaws to pierce the body of an ant. Other soldiers are defensive troops—with their huge heads they plug small holes or fractured runways of the termite nest.

Small as it is, the typical wood-eating termite is host to vast num-

bers of more minute creatures. Most of them are microscopic one-cell animals, or protozoa, which make their home in the termite's intestinal tract. Bits of wood pulp in the body fluid of the insect are seized by protozoa. Within the cell walls of the protozoa the actual digestion takes place. By-products of protozoan digestion are then released from the cell and used by the host termite. Dr. L. R. Cleveland heated termites to 97°, killing all their protozoa without injury to the termites. Though they continued to eat wood, the termites died of starvation in 10 to 20 days.

Termites and protozoa are mutually dependent. Neither can get along without the other. Protozoa have no equipment to secure bits of cellulose; termites are unable to digest it. Each thus contributes to the other and receives from the other. Many protozoa which live in the bodies of termites are found nowhere else in the world. Some of the one-cell animals have thousands of microscopic hair-like structures which they use to swim about with inside the termite. Some have internal parasites of their own!

It is not strange that the termite has been the subject of both wonder and admiration. Swept off his feet by enthusiasm at the incredible manner in which worker or soldier termites are produced as needed, Maurice Maeterlinck even exclaimed that "if we knew what those wretched insects know, we

could produce, as we wanted them, athletes, heroes, workers or thinkers beyond comparison superior to those whom we actually possess."

In that burst of lyric praise lies a fallacy. It assumes that the machine-like order of the termite colony is a means toward life's highest values.

Actually, the termite is among the most hemmed in of Earth's creatures. There is no learning, no creativity, no individuality. Every termite is gripped in the iron hand of instinct. Every species continues to build its nest just as its ancestors did. Eggs are laid, young are hatched, and castes are formed in precisely the same way for generation after generation.

The pale, blind, soft-bodied creatures can live only in a very special environment, with precisely the proper temperature, humidity, food supply, and internal protozoa. These conditions are so delicately balanced that it has proved difficult to rear observation colonies in the laboratory.

Individual insects cannot survive. A soldier can only fight; he can neither build a house nor gather food. Workers are incapable of defending themselves or of producing their kind. Reproductive types soon become full-time parents, completely dependent upon soldiers for protection and workers for food.

Can such creatures have any meaning? Did the termite come into being by chance, with no pur-

pose beyond blind perpetuation of his kind? Or is it possible to hazard a guess as to the part the termite plays in the drama of unfolding creation?

At least a hint is given by the manner in which termites have swept into prominence. No scientist bothered to describe even one species before 1779, when a German scholar published observations about some Indian varieties. Two years later, the English naturalist Smeathman created quite a stir by accounts of giant termite hills in West Africa. Many of his colleagues considered his reports to be exaggerated. Not until late in the 19th century was there any general interest in the white insects.

Public interest was aroused by discovery that termites are responsible for extensive damage to wooden structures. A congenial climate, large use of wood, and central heating of houses made 20th-century North America a haven for termites.

Both actual damage and discovery of it mounted rapidly, so that by 1936 experts estimated that the tiny wood-eaters cost the U.S. economy a million dollars a week. Termites, in rare instances, have eaten soap, macaroni, cotton goods, and even ham. But their staple diet is cellulose, a major product of vegetable growth. Cellulose is a

remarkably stable chemical compound. Neither animals nor insects—other than termites—can digest it. Most creatures leave fallen logs strictly alone. If affected only by rain and sun, a big log would lie for generations without rotting.

Early in the study of termites, naturalists noticed that the strange insects perform a unique service. Alone among Earth's creatures, they attack cellulose, break it down, and reduce it to forms which can be used in plant nutrition. Without the termite, the vegetative cycle of growth and decay would be thrown badly out of gear, especially in the tropics.

During geological ages measured in terms of millions of years, incredible numbers of termites gnawed ceaselessly at logs, stumps, dead grass, and broken underbrush. They played an imponderable but real role in preparing a planet suitable for human habitation. Only when man started using dead wood, termite's natural food, to build houses and support telephone wires, did the insect become an enemy.

Mighty is the hand of a purposeful God, shaping a world in which to place mankind! Working at his instinct-guided task, the mysterious termite has made a small but vital contribution to the larger purpose of the Creator.

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THOSE who feel it is all right to tell white lies soon go color blind.

Milwaukee Journal (3 Mar. '54).

# The Mass of the Future

*You may have to get a new missal but  
the Sacrifice will be so much easier  
to follow you may not need any*

By H. A. REINHOLD

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*



WE HAVE just seen the canonization of a great reformer: Pius X. He cast out a rich and luxurious growth of Church music, and introduced a sober and devout music in its stead. He threw overboard the traditions and customs of 250 years concerning Holy Communion: the age of First Communion, the frequency of Communion, and the rigoristic atmosphere surrounding it. He thereby created consternation in many circles. I remember an old priest who 25 years after Pius' reform still refused to unlock the tabernacle on weekdays. He thought the poor Pope, now St. Pius, had been ill-advised and that the whole thing would die down.

Each reform somehow creates consternation among those who have a notion that the Church was not only founded on a rock but *is* a rock. Our Lord clearly said that the Church is like a seed that grows, like a leaven that moves the

whole mass, or, in other words, is just the opposite of a stony, immobile dead thing.

The present Holy Father has built up a record of reforms that in some ways equals his sainted predecessor's. Last fall experts from all over the globe met in Lugano to discuss parish worship. Vatican authorities were represented. Cardinals and bishops attended. Experts like the famous Austrian Jesuit, Father A. J. Jungmann, and the venerable Belgian scholar, Abbot Capelle, were heard. Besides them, less learned priests and laymen, like myself, were allowed to read papers and participate in the discussions. Rome wanted to hear what bishops, pastors, laymen, and scholars really thought about the present Mass ceremonies.

The Mass in its original form is the Last Supper. No one wants to change all the ceremonies back to what they were then. But ceremonies grew in complexity until

\*386 4th Ave., New York City 16. July 30, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

around 1570. Then the dangers of the Protestant revolt required that it be "deep-frozen."

The Holy See seems to feel that the time has come to take the Mass out of that deep freeze, to thaw it and adjust it to the needs of the people. We have better liturgical scholars today than were available in 1570 to show us what is essential and what not, to point out what was piled on and what grew, where this or the other thing originated. The need for a Mass which is more meaningful to those who attend it was never more urgent.

The two most impressive speakers at the Lugano conference were the Bishop of Berlin, 90% of whose diocese is in the Soviet zone, and a missionary, Father Hofinger, S.J., who teaches refugee seminarians from Red China in a seminary in the Philippines. Going to Mass on Sunday, both these men insisted, must become an "experience" for all in the congregation, uplifting, heartening, moving and immediate. If it remains a mere performance to avoid mortal sin or to follow a custom, then people will cease to come when coming means persecution or even grave inconvenience. Either you meet the living Christ in word and sacrament on Sunday, or you meet only yourself—and this latter possibility isn't worth risking your job or even missing a fishing trip.

The average Catholic has come to take many things for granted.

There is, first, the impression that the priest, turning his back on his audience, is busy with his own work; and, feeling left out of it, the people naturally resort to their own devices: prayer books, rosaries, mental prayer, devout day-dreaming. Even more than this, the priest reads aloud for all to hear (at least he is commanded by the rubrics to read "audibly") and a very few understand him, speaking as he does in a foreign tongue. If you have a missal you can make out what he reads to you, but many priests can't be heard or are too fast to keep up with. They seem to assume that nobody is listening. Then there are the bewildering ceremonies that, even when explained, are hard to grasp, like the one with the empty paten after the Lord's Prayer or the sign of the cross over the already consecrated Sacred Host and chalice.

To put it briefly, the general outline is obscured, the climaxes, Gospel and Consecration, have too much competition. The 1570 commission did not have the means to decide what was superfluous, what was growth, what should be discarded. Now, after generations of patient research, the scholars can sift the wheat from the chaff.

Gathering up my mental notes made while reading over the last 20 years and while listening to the scholars at Lugano last September, I would like to describe my idea of the Mass of the future. (Remem-



ber, please, that I am on my own and not divulging anything the Holy Father or Cardinal Micara whispered into my ear.)

Suppose reforms were carried through and you went to Sunday Mass in your parish church. We are talking about ordinary parish churches, not about cathedrals or abbeys. The priest and his servers enter the sanctuary while the congregation sings a hymn on the general lines of the *Introit*. All are alerted and the entrance of the priest is given a high significance. If you are late, you know it.

The priest and the congregation alternate the *Kyrie* (or a similar short litany) and from the floor of the sanctuary the congregation is greeted with the customary "The Lord be with you." Then follows silent individual prayer, concluded with our existing Collect (no commemorations at any time). Then the priest bids the people be seated and reads them the Epistle, or lesson, from the pulpit or a lectern, so that all can hear and understand. It has been proposed that there should be a "four-year course" of lessons giving all of the New and much of the Old Testament, instead of our present one-year course of little snatches and bits from both. This reading will be followed by a short sermon and a congregational hymn inspired by our present gradual and *Alleluia* or Tract.

Then the priest carries the Gospel book in procession from the altar

to the pulpit, accompanied by candles and incense, and announces the Gospel. Here too, a four-year course is contemplated. A homily or instruction on the Gospel follows.

Now that even the late-comers have been disposed in their hearts through the Word of God, it should be time to recognize our own shortcomings; therefore Father Jungmann suggests that a short and well-chosen *Confiteor* with one absolution should be recited here, and not in the beginning as is now the case. On major feasts this confession is followed by a profession of faith in the form of the Creed.

As of now the *Oremus* before the Offertory stands alone: no prayer follows, because a beautiful litany of intercession for the clergy, the laity, the government, the poor, the rich, the imprisoned, was lost. The last sample is left on Good Friday. It is therefore proposed to restore this prayer and announce special intentions. This would be the place for the *imperata*, special prayers ordered by the bishop.

The silent prayers of the priest during the Offertory would be shortened and corrected and some dropped entirely. As a general rule, the silent prayers would remain in Latin all through the Mass. The people would not gain anything by their being rendered in the vernacular and in many instances, especially in the Canon, a good translation actually defies the ef-



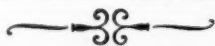
forts of even the best of our scholars.

It is obvious that instead of being soothing, the parish Mass would become stirring, challenging, calling forth cooperation, union of minds, meditation and reflection.

The proposals made may all be rejected by the Holy See, but many of them may be accepted. There is no doubt that we Catholics who live in comfort and peace do not feel much urgency for change. The lonely faithful in the red flood of atheism or the missionaries to whom the present state of the litur-

gy sometimes seems more hindrance than help do feel the need for change.

I personally hope that the Pope will put the needs of the persecuted and the missionary above the temporary discomfort of the overly comfortable. The comfortable who have the leisure to make mindless appeals to tradition will simply have to start considering others. The others are those who now go to Mass at the risk of their jobs, careers, and even lives—and find that Mass hard to understand.



### *Bare Knuckles*

The first Trappist Abbot of Gethsemane, on one of his travels, was engaged in conversation by a so-called man of the world who patronizingly stated: "Now, I never go to church, Abbot. There are too many hypocrites there."

"Don't let that keep you away," shot back the quick-witted monk. "There's always room for one more."

*Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* (Aug. '54).

The idea that Catholics have to pay to get their sins forgiven is an old fable, but even modern anti-Catholics sometimes repeat it.

At a dinner one day, a noted bigot began holding forth about the Church to a priest. "What would you say, Father, if I told you that I know a place in Italy where I could get all my sins forgiven for five lire?"

"I would say," Father replied quickly, "that it was dirt cheap."

*Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* (Aug. '54).

An atheist was annoyed by the sight of a girl sitting next to him on the bus reading a religious book.

"You believe all that stuff about Adam and Eve?" he asked her.

"Yes," said the girl.

"And about Jonas and the whale?" The girl nodded. "How do you prove it?" persisted the atheist. "Are you going to ask Jonas when you get to heaven?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"But suppose he isn't there. What will you do?"

The girl went calmly back to her book as she murmured, "Ah, then, you ask him."

*Irish Digest* (Dec. '51).

# My Visit to Sibelius

England's top man of the theater and Finland's greatest musician are brought together by a friend (?)

By NOËL COWARD

Condensed from "Future Indefinite"\*

DURING my stay in Helsinki someone suggested that I should pay a call on Sibelius, who, although he lived a life of the utmost quiet and seclusion, would, I was assured, be more than delighted to receive me. This, later, proved to be an overstatement.

Encouraged by the mental picture of the great master being practically unable to contain himself at the thought of meeting face to face the man who had composed *A Room with a View* and *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, I drove out graciously to call upon him. His house was a few miles away in the country and my guide-interpreter and I arrived there about noon. We were received by a startled, bald-headed gentleman whom I took to be an aged family retainer. He led us, without any marked signs of enthusiasm, on to a small, trellis-enclosed veranda, and left us alone.

We conversed in low, reverent voices and offered each other cigarettes and waited with rising nervous tension for the master to appear. I remembered regretting bit-

terly my casual approach to classical music and trying frantically in my mind to disentangle the works of Sibelius from those of Delius.

After about a quarter of an hour the bald-headed man reappeared carrying a tray upon which was a decanter of wine and a plate of biscuits. He put this on the table and then, to my surprise, sat down and looked at us. The silence became almost unbearable and my friend muttered something in Finnish to which the bald-headed man replied with an exasperated nod.

It then dawned upon me that this was the great man himself, and furthermore that he hadn't the faintest idea who I was, who my escort was, or what we were doing there at all. Feeling embarrassed and extremely silly, I smiled vacuously and offered him a cigarette which he refused. My friend then rose, I thought a trifle officiously, and poured out three glasses of wine.

We then proceeded to toast each other politely but in the same oppressive silence. I asked my

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friend if Mr. Sibelius could speak English or French and he said No. I then asked him to explain to him how very much I admired his music and what an honor it was for me to meet him personally. This was translated, upon which Sibelius rose abruptly to his feet and offered me a biscuit. I accepted it with rather overdone gratitude, and then down came the silence again and I looked forlornly past Sibelius's head through a gap in the trellis at the road. Finally, realizing that unless I did something decisive we should probably stay there until sundown, I got up and asked my friend—whom I could willingly have garroted—to thank Mr. Sibelius for receiving me and to explain once again how honored I was to meet him and that I hoped he would forgive us for leaving so soon but we had an appointment at the hotel for lunch.

Sibelius smiled for the first time and we shook hands with enthusiasm. He escorted us to the gate and waved happily as we drove away. My friend, whose name I am not withholding for any secret

reasons, but merely because I cannot remember it, seemed oblivious of the fact that the interview had not been a glittering success. Perhaps, being a rising journalist, he had already achieved immunity to the subtler nuances of social embarrassment. At all events he dismissed my reproaches quite airily. Mr. Sibelius, he said, was well known to be both shy and unapproachable. I replied bitterly that in that case it had been most inconsiderate to all parties concerned to have arranged the interview in the first place, for although I was neither shy nor unapproachable, I was acutely sensitive to atmosphere.

I resented being placed in a false position possibly as much as Mr. Sibelius did. We wrangled on in this strain until we reached the hotel, where we parted with a certain frigidity. Later, troubled by conscience, I wrote a brief note of apology to Sibelius, who, despite the fact that his seclusion had been invaded and the peace of his morning disrupted, had at least received me with courtesy and given me a biscuit.



### *Eternity at Eighty*

Each time Frank Murphy drove his car over 80 miles an hour, the motor set up a terrific knocking. He finally drove it to a garage for a checkup.

The mechanic looked the car over very carefully, but couldn't find a thing wrong with it. "At what speed did you say the car knocks?" he asked.

"Eighty."

"Nothing wrong with the car," he stated flatly. "It must be the good Lord warning you."

R. Dennis Martell

# You Only Think You're Tired

*Chronic fatigue is sometimes the mind's method of rejecting the difficulties of modern living*

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Condensed from *Nation's Business*\*



THE KIND of tiredness called "chronic fatigue," doesn't respond to rest. Despite its name, it isn't chronic in its milder forms; it comes and goes in spells.

You get a strong desire to lie down; you sleep badly and feel worse in the morning than at bedtime. Besides a listless feeling, you have an uncomfortable awareness of the weight of your body, and often headache or backache. If the spell lasts a long time you put things off and find it hard to concentrate or remember names. You take offense easily, blow up at subordinates, search restlessly for new amusements but tire of them quickly. You may smoke or drink excessively, and go to great lengths to avoid responsibility and making decisions.

You may never have all these symptoms at once and seldom have any of them severely enough to make you helpless. But you can't go through modern life without

experiencing chronic fatigue in some degree.

"Machines now do most of the work that used to make our grandparents feel like going to bed early and getting a good night's sleep," Dr. Will H. Forbes, Harvard physiologist, says. "When your work uses your muscles, the impulse to rest is overwhelming and you don't carry your fatigue over to the next day. But your body isn't equipped to compensate for the kind of nervous exhaustion that comes from working under pressure at a desk. Instead of making you sleepy, this kind of fatigue makes you feel like staying up and looking for the same kind of nervous excitement that brought it on in the first place. The result is you carry it over day after day."

For the mind and body to refuse rest when they need it is an illogical reaction. Yet psychiatrists believe there is a motivation behind even the most illogical behavior.

\*U. S. Chamber Bldg., Washington 6, D. C. June, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., and reprinted with permission.

Once the motive is brought to light, the person can subject it to reason and free himself of the need to obey it.

What is the hidden motivation behind chronic fatigue? In a recent study, two prominent psychiatrists, Drs. Harley C. Shands and Jacob E. Finesinger, took detailed life histories of 100 men and women complaining of chronic tiredness. They got some interesting clues.

The great majority of these people felt the symptoms after an important change in status such as marriage, childbirth, the loss of a member of the family, or a new job. Another clue was that "fatigue came when the person felt rejected, angry, frightened or enraged, and could not express his feelings."

Even danger has a lethargic effect on people when they cannot admit they are afraid. If you've ever been on a plane that has hit a storm or had engine trouble, you may have noticed the yawning among the passengers. When the danger is past, the lethargy suddenly gives way to great animation.

Like any other psychoneurotic symptom, chronic fatigue is an attempt to solve a problem by pretending it doesn't exist. Often this kind of fatigue can be dispelled merely by dredging up the problem to the surface of consciousness, talking about it and trying to find a solution.

One well known psychoanalyst

told me of a business executive who was overcome by lethargy on alternate Thursdays. These were the days on which he met with a company board headed by a man, ostensibly a close friend, who in reality represented a bitter personal defeat for the patient. Once when the chairman became ill, the executive, who was next in line for his position, secretly hoped he would never get well. The fortnightly fatigue was his way of ducking guilty thoughts like these.

The same problem is common in marriages where the partners acknowledge only the sunny side of their relationship. Many marriage counselors say a husband and wife who learn to admit to one another, "Sometimes I love you and sometimes I hate you" are much less likely to get sick and tired of each other.

This chronic fatigue is not the kind grandfather used to feel after he had followed a walking plow all day. But even in his kind of fatigue, science has learned that we get tired long before we have used up our available energy.

One of the best places to find out how your body rations its energy is the Brain Wave laboratory of the Massachusetts General hospital. There, Dr. Robert S. Schwab has been carrying on fatigue research since 1937. He finds that the brain says "I can't" long before the muscles lose their power to go on working.

The point at which your brain, acting through nerves and muscles, says "I can't" varies with what Dr. Schwab calls your "motivation level."

As a commuter, he's carried on some observations at Boston's North station where, for the past three years, he's figured the distances a commuter will run to catch a train when there are only three to get him home in time for dinner.

"Missing the last train," explains Dr. Schwab, "means a \$5 to \$10 taxi ride or the need to spend the night in the city. As a result of this increased motivation, subjects throw dignity to the winds, drop packages and sprint anywhere from 60 to 70 yards down the platform."

At the Brain Wave laboratory, Dr. Schwab often asks visitors to see how long they can hang by their hands from a horizontal bar over his office door. When the request is put in an ordinary way, healthy adults hang for an average of about a minute. If Dr. Schwab exhorts them to do their best—somewhat like a football coach addressing his team between halves—they usually hang on for an extra half minute. The offer of a \$5 bill to beat their own previous records usually adds still another half minute.

Suggestibility also plays an important role in your ability to work or play harder before you get tired. At the University of Cincinnati, psychologist Arthur G. Bills dem-

onstrated this by blindfolding a frail coed and a brawny football player and asking them to stand as long as possible with their arms outstretched horizontally. Before the experiment the coed had been told that she would find the task easy. The football player was told it would be hard. He tired quickly and was trembling from the effort when he dropped his arms after only ten minutes. The coed standing beside him still held her arms out lightly without any fatigue.

Most suggestions that make you feel peppy or tired come from within. By examining your attitudes toward yourself and weeding out some of the negative ones, Dr. Bills suggests that you can greatly increase your capacity for enjoying life. Some attitudes which make you tired are: "I'm too old," "Everybody else does this better than I," "I had a bad break as a kid," "The harder I try, the worse I do."

In everyday life, the hidden motivation that causes us to resort to chronic fatigue is probably our reluctance to admit the discrepancy between what we pretend to be and what we are. For this, no better remedy has ever been devised than a sense of humor—which is after all only the ability to accept our good qualities and our shortcomings with equal grace.

Next time you're tired, remember: if it's physical fatigue, you can sleep it off; if it's chronic fatigue, try laughing it off.



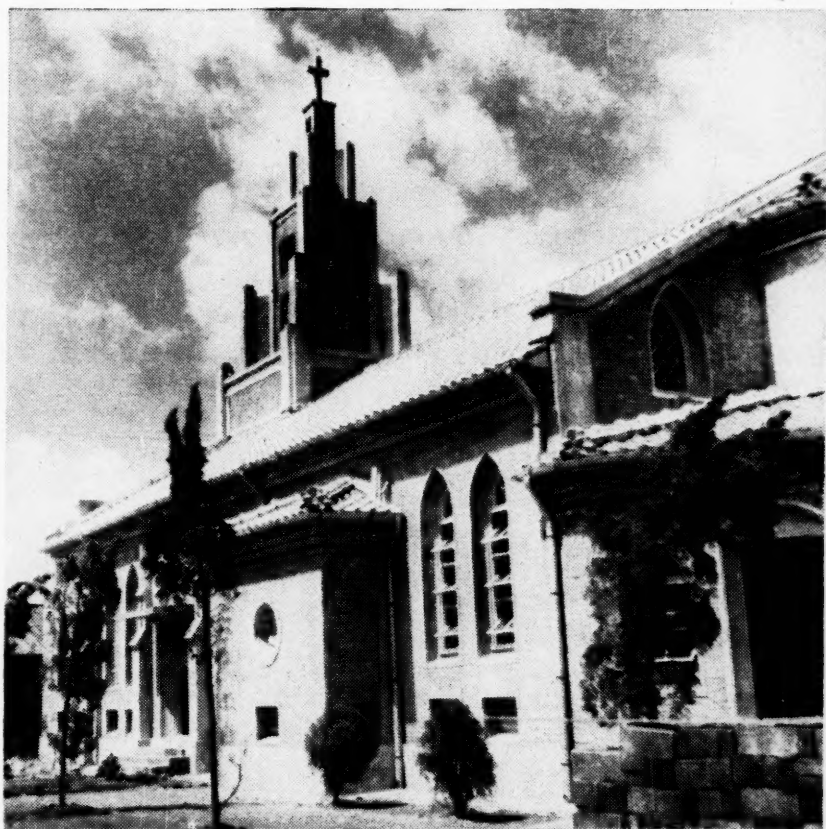
# Old and New

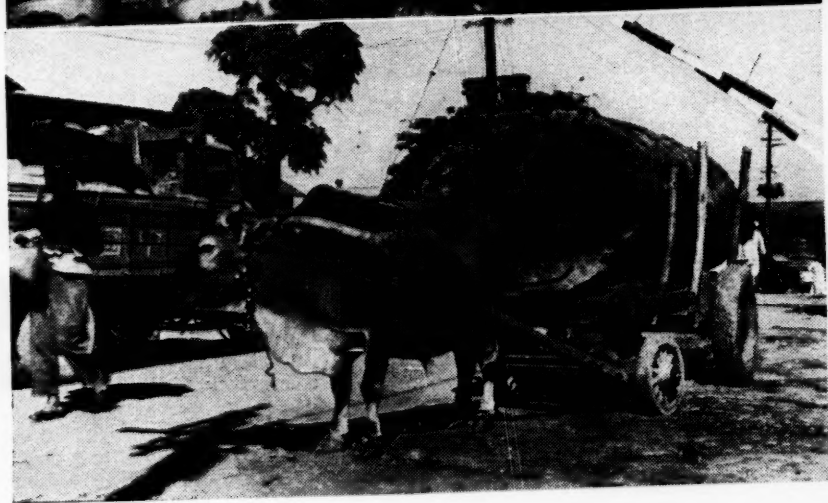
To millions of Chinese imprisoned in their native land, the island of Formosa holds out the hope of future liberation. For it is there, where a thousand ancient temples dot the countryside, that Chiang Kai-shek's army conducts its training program and plans the liberation of the mainland.



# Meet on Formosa

Until the end of the 2nd World War, Formosa was sparsely staffed with mission personnel. Now, new churches are under construction throughout the island; for the Spanish missionaries of that time have been joined by more than 300 priests and 150 Sisters. Most of them were expelled from Red China.





← On a festival day the family brings a banquet to the temple. There, each member bows toward the idols, and offers them food. The idols having ignored the offer, the family takes home the delicacies for dinner.

At a railroad crossing (left below) the ancient and modern rub shoulders. A truck hauls lumber past an oxcart equipped with truck wheels.

An Hungarian Sister exiled from Red China listens to a family problem. →

Since 1949 many Sisters who are doctors and pharmacists have arrived in Formosa from the Chinese mainland.





Among the tribes which originally lived on Formosa are the Pai-oans. Recently, the royal family of the Pai-oans was received into the Church. The Queen Mother (top left) and the Crown Prince (left below) headed a group of 247 converts in the baptism ceremony. The Pai-oans tattoo their bodies with lacy designs, some of which appear on the Queen's hands.



Tribal daughters (below) pound off the hulls and polish rice for the feast to celebrate the conversions.





Home design shows the Japanese influence. Men and women work side by side on construction projects. The girls may be barefoot, but they use lipstick, powder, and rouge.



Pictures and information from Mission Bulletin, Feb., 1954, King's Bldg., Hong Kong, China. U. S. Agents: Maryknoll Bookshelf. Annual subscription: \$5.  
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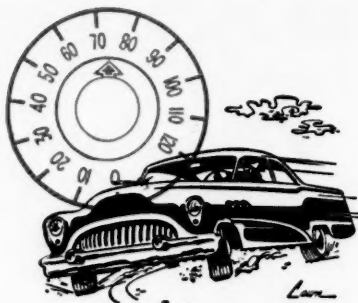


# Drive Fast Safely

*The legal speed limits allow you to kill yourself if you do not know these points about your modern car*

By GEORGE GREER and LOU GOVER

Condensed from *Bluebook*\*



JIM JONES was driving a girl home on a country road in Connecticut. He was sober. The speedometer was clocking 50; the road was straight. Suddenly something darted in front of him, so swiftly he didn't know whether it was an animal or a shadow. His reflexes were on the job and a jerk of the wheel swerved the car to one side.

The right front wheel struck a soft shoulder. Jim remembered nothing more. The State Police say that the car rolled over three times. The girl was thrown clear and only bruised. But Jim went to the hospital with a fractured spine.

The police department attributed the accident to driving at 80 mph and loss of control. We believe Jim's version of the speed, because experts say you can roll a car over four times from a speed of 50 mph. We believe the police about loss of control; Jim admits this.

What actually happened was this: the sudden force of the right

front wheel striking first the hard edge of the pavement and then the soft shoulder snapped the steering gear out of Jim's hands. From then on the car's momentum and loss of directional stability caused the rollover.

Jim was as good a driver as most. But in the showdown, he did not know how to avert a crackup even at a moderately high speed.

Millions of men travel not only at 50, but often at 70 or 80 with no real knowledge of how to handle a car at high speed.

We *do not* recommend fast driving. But today's cars are fast, and men are going to drive them that way. Yet fast driving is entirely different from slow. If you must do it, you'd better learn how—both for your own sake and for that of the people you may kill if you crack up.

Even though you may not want to drive fast, you sometimes may find yourself almost forced to. On some of the eastern turnpikes the

\*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. August, 1954. Copyright 1954 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

legal 70 mph may be faster than you have ever driven before. In some parts of the West speeds of 70 and 80 are common.

The real hazard of the highway today is that driving has become so routine for many of us that we are prone to follow old habits. We rely on driving techniques that are as outmoded as knee britches. For today's fast cars and fast highways, you need new driving skills and a new understanding of cars themselves.

Though speed is often blamed in fatal accidents, two personality traits are guilty just as often as speed: indecisiveness and a tendency to freeze in an emergency. Better understanding of driving problems and car behavior can help eliminate both.

Take Jim Jones' accident. If he had been familiar with the steering of a modern auto traveling at high speed, he would have known that a sudden pull on the wheels can turn a car into a two-ton juggernaut out of control.

Probably Jim also applied the brakes when that shadow flitted across his vision, since all routine driving habits would have made him try to stop the car. But in this emergency, pressing the brake was dangerous.

Most cars today are noseheavy, with about 60% of their weight on the front wheels and 40% on the rear. When the brakes are applied, the frontal percentage is in-

creased by forward thrust. The front end dips, the rear wheels lose traction, and the danger of rolling over is increased.

Neither the chassis, the suspension, nor the brakes of most of today's cars have kept up with the advances in engine design and the increase in power. A driver needs to be aware of his car's shortcomings if he wants to stay out of hospitals.

The steering ratio in most cars is too slow (requires too much wheel winding) to meet emergencies. The soft springs that make modern cars comfortable also tend to make them sway on curves. Modern brakes are powerful.

But most brakes have a weakness many drivers don't know about until too late. When you come down on the brake repeatedly in an attempt to halt a heavy auto roaring down the road, you may find your brakes have simply faded away! What happens is that the brake linings get so hot they glaze over and won't hold.

Here are some fast-driving tips, gleaned both from the knowledge of test-drivers and automakers.

1. Don't rely on brakes alone. A good driver must give up the habit of depending on brakes to save him in every emergency. Drivers must realize that at 60 mph most emergencies are over before they can get a foot on the brake pedal. If Jim Jones had corrected the oversteering and regained control of the

car *not* by braking but by moderate acceleration, he might have avoided that roll-over.

2. Know your car. Even the most experienced driver can't make a car perform well unless he knows what he has to work with. You need to know the acceleration and braking capabilities of your car. Choose a quiet country road and get the feel of the car. How fast does it accelerate from 0 to 50? From 50 to 70? What is the stopping distance at various speeds? How does it hold the road? How fast will it take a sharp turn without beginning to slide out of control? Start at speeds slow enough so that you are master of the situation.

Extra weight will change the acceleration figures, braking distances, and steering characteristics. The average passenger-plus-luggage adds about 250 pounds. A loaded five-passenger sedan may thus weigh 1250 pounds more than its unladen weight, and require up to 35% more distance to stop. Additional pounds in the rear cause a lift of the front end, with less front-wheel traction. This is especially noticeable when cornering fast.

3. Know your passing capacity. A good driver must have passing technique down pat. But this is exactly the thing many drivers tragically fumble. A study in Missouri found almost one out of every five fatal accidents resulted from inept attempts to pass.

Don't get out beside the other

car and doodle along in the middle or left lane trying to decide whether you can make it or not. Out there you are a beautiful target for a double sideswipe or head-on collision. When you're traveling fast there's no time for indecisiveness while you're passing. It's one time when the only safe rule to follow is: when in doubt, don't. Once you are sure you *can* go, use all the horses under the hood.

Never try to pass unless there's enough room between you and the car ahead so that you can build up sufficient speed to pass quickly and safely. To keep from getting hung up you have to estimate the speed of the car ahead, and know how fast your own car can accelerate. With a high-powered car that can zoom from 60 to 80 mph in 10 seconds, you can afford to start from closer behind. But with a lower-powered car, you'll need about 17 seconds to accelerate from 60 to 80 and thus must start farther back. To pass a car doing 60 you may need several hundred feet in which to accelerate and pass safely.

Safety experts point out that from a distance an oncoming car looks almost as though it were standing still. But if you're on the kind of highway where you can do 60 to 70 it's safe to figure that the other driver is, too. Also you can estimate his speed by whether or not he wavers. A slow car appears to be steady as a rock; a fast car wavers from side to side as the

driver strives to correct his steering.

4. Take curves the expert way. Many drivers enter a curve at speed, and brake as they find the car leaning or swinging out too far. You should brake *before* you enter a curve. Enter it slowly enough so that you will be able to *increase* your speed as you come out of it. Centrifugal force tends to make your car slide sideways, reducing the traction between your tires and the road. A moderate increase in speed as you round the curve helps the rear wheels maintain solid contact with the road.

There are times when speed may be too great and braking is required. Short, quick pumping is safer than jumping on the pedal and holding your foot down.

Approach bumps and uneven pavement slowly. Your wheels are more likely to lock and skid on rough pavement since there is not enough surface to grip. Many drivers shift into second after reaching a rough surface. The time to do it is before.

5. Escape from crises with power. Often when you encounter an unexpected obstacle, it is safer to use power than brakes. A car may suddenly shoot out from a side road so fast that you could never stop in time. If you accelerate and at the same time warn him with your horn, you may make it.

Always be on the lookout for an escape route, like an open field, in case you have to go off the road

to avoid an unexpected obstacle. If you do have to go off the road, do it at the slightest possible angle. That will minimize the chance of your rolling over when you hit the rough ground.

Keep alert for death-dealing obstacles that can appear without notice. Instead of staring at the car ahead, look through his rear window and windshield. You can thus see two or three cars ahead on a crowded highway. It also pays to have a mirror focused so that you can spot anyone passing on your right without turning your head.

6. Check your depth perception. American Automobile Association safety engineers point out that the distance at which you can see an unsuspected obstacle lessens by about 20 feet for each 10-mile increase in speed. You are likely to see danger 60 feet sooner at 40 mph than at 70. After dark, all you have to warn you of a car ahead is two stoplights. Many fast drivers tend to overdrive their headlights, as the many night-time rear-end collisions testify. Virtually no headlights made in the U.S. are adequate for driving more than 55 mph.

Night or day, you must compensate for poorer depth perception at high speed by straining to see ahead farther. Experts say that drivers can see obstacles about twice as far when they expect them and strain to see them.

You need to be able to see at least the length of your total stop-

ping distance, that is, the distance your car travels while you see the danger, apply brakes and come to a halt. At 60 mph, average total stopping distance is 265 feet; at 70, 345. On wet or icy pavement, stopping distances are of course greater.

Some drivers have poorer depth perception than others. Your own could be below normal even if you have 20/20 vision. Depth perception is the ability to judge relative distances. You can check yours while on the road by estimating how far ahead are phone or light poles, then measuring the actual distance in tenths of a mile on your odometer. If you're too far off, don't drive fast.

Many drivers follow other cars too closely. Skilled drivers never get closer than twice their speed in feet. Thus, at 60 mph, stay at least 120 feet behind. Many authorities consider even this too close. When you double your speed you need four times as much distance to stop.

7. If you drive fast, steer fast. The faster you drive, the faster you have to steer. Obviously, you have to get out of harm's way more quickly. But also the higher your speed, the more serious the effect of side winds or gusts on your car's stability. It takes alert, quick steering to make a fast-traveling car track properly in a vigorous wind, and to avoid swerving at a critical moment.

8. Drive defensively at all times.

The best drivers on the road today are the long-distance truck and bus drivers, popular prejudice notwithstanding. We've all seen these 10-ton monsters booming down the highway at top speed, yet they have the best accident records of all, which is especially significant when you consider the high mileage these vehicles rack up each year.

One secret of their safety record is their mastery of the art of defensive driving.

To drive defensively, stay away from show-offs, weaving drivers, drivers obviously defying traffic regulations, horn-blowers, daydreamers, and drivers who try to race you at traffic lights.

Stay a safe distance from a car that's all banded up; the dents may indicate an accident-prone driver. And as one sage remarked, watch out for school children, especially when they're driving cars.

And, of course, stay within legal speed limits. Tests have proved that a steady driver gets to his destination as quickly as the throttle-tromping hot shot. A steady 55 mph will get you there faster than speeds that range from 35 to 75.

According to the National Safety Council, 38,300 people were killed on our highways in 1953—a jump of 36% in two years. Police list the cause of nearly half of these accidents as "speeding." But was speeding really the cause? Or was it drivers who didn't know how to handle their cars?

# The U.S. in a Nuclear War

*Defense measures so far proposed will not save our nation from paralysis after a successful enemy raid*

By HORNELL HART

Condensed from the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*\*

*Professor Hart of Duke University has for some years been concerned with the social science problems the atomic age poses. In 1949, he received the Edward L. Bernays Atomic Energy Award for the outstanding action-related research contribution of the year.*

*In this thought-provoking article he sums up his conclusions about the effect of a paralyzing atomic attack on America's economy. The scientific data is a summary of published facts and intelligence estimates.*

**R**USSIA HAS the atom bomb. Russia has the hydrogen bomb. This year, the Russians demonstrated publicly over Moscow a huge, new, jet-powered, intercontinental bomber, capable of delivering hydrogen bombs to targets in the U.S. President Eisenhower has admitted that the Russians can make an attack with nuclear weapons.

Suppose Russia did. How vulnerable are we?

Russia's plan would be to pro-

duce paralysis, primarily by casualties, panic, anarchy, and starvation. For this purpose, the following would be her most important targets:

1. Strategic bombing bases; 2. Washington, D.C.; 3. population centers; 4. sources of coal and oil; 5. transportation centers; 6. electric power resources; 7. financial centers; and 8. repair facilities.

Obviously Soviet military experts are devoting extended study to how many bombs should go where.

But let us set up our own targets, the 25 large metropolitan areas in the Table (p. 99). If Russia succeeded in such a raid this year, New York would be blasted by the equivalent of eight atomic bombs, Washington and Chicago by four, Detroit, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia by two each and the next 16 cities by one bomb each.

The purpose of such a raid would be national paralysis. How likely is this to result?

*Casualties.* Thirty million people live in these 25 metropolitan areas.

\*5734 University Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. June, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Educational Foundation for Nuclear Science, Inc., and reprinted with permission.





In the most densely populated cores of these districts the blast concussions, lethal radiations, and heat blasts would kill millions. In many cities, fire storms, kindled by the heat blasts and fed by convection typhoons, would trap millions in their gigantic furnaces.

On the basis of our Hiroshima and Nagasaki experience, with corrections for the greater force of the modern bomb, we could say that 39 atomic bombs would cause approximately 3,800,000 immediate deaths. The injured would be about 4,200,000. Such a raid would make casualties of 27% of the population of the 25 most important cities.

*The financial system.* The raid of 1954 would blast 400 square miles out of the hearts of the five cities through which two-thirds of the nation's financial transactions take place. It would blast the heart out of each of the other centers responsible for more than 1% of the nation's money operations. It would destroy close to 90% of the centers containing the crucial records, money reserves, bookkeeping equipment, skilled personnel, and executive ability of the American banking world.

The nearest previous approach to a breakdown in our national financial system occurred with the failure of about 10% of our banks in the depression. In February, 1933,

groups of banks all over the country began to suspend payments of money. President Roosevelt had to make the bank holiday national in scope while business ground to a standstill. How would our economy stand up with 90% of banks unable to tell who owed them money, or who had money on deposit?

*Coal.* Coal is vitally needed to operate the nation's railroads and electric generating plants. Of all coal shipments 43% could be blocked by bombing seven railroads at strategic points. If those rail and terminal cuts were the only problems to attend to after a raid, traffic could soon be reestablished. But remember that the most important railroad junctions and repair centers would be out of operation. Approximately one fourth of leading railroad executives and repair crews would be among the casualties.

*Oil.* In 1952, a strike of 90,000 oil workers forced a 30% cut in gasoline for commercial airlines, compelled the air force to curtail flying except in Korea, and brought an appeal from the U.S. and British governments to all countries to save gasoline.

That strike did not destroy petroleum in pipelines or tanks. It gives only a slight insight of the paralysis which might be created by bombing oil centers. The bombing of the 25 cities would paralyze the centers in which 78% of all wholesale dealings in petroleum

products occur, and in which approximately half of all petroleum refining takes place.

**Government.** Even one nuclear bomb, dropped on Washington, might easily wipe out the heads of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of our government, including the whole chain of substitutes provided for succession to the presidency. According to our hypothesis, however, Washington is worth four atomic bombs, with a total capability of destroying brick buildings over an area of 100 square miles. All of official Washington, and a large part of the major residence zones would be inside one or more of the 50% death zones. At the least, this would mean a period of ineffectual government during the time of the threatened national paralysis.

Each of these five aspects of catastrophe would reinforce the other four. Lack of coal and oil, and the blasting of major railroads, trucking and air centers would paralyze transportation, handicapping efforts at recovery. Lack of fuel, combined with the blasting of generating plants, power lines, telephone, telegraph and radio facilities would reduce communication, hindering organized coordination of repair activities. Lack of transportation and destruction of local warehouses might be expected to bring an immediate famine of food—not merely in the disaster area, but all over the country. Our farms would

### *To Paralyze the U. S.*

Targets	Estimated Bombs	
	in 1954	in 1957
1. New York	8A	3H
2. Chicago	4A	2H
3. Washington, D.C.	4A	2H
4. Philadelphia	2A	1H
5. Los Angeles	2A	1H
6. Detroit	2A	1H
7. Cleveland	1A	3A
8. St. Louis	1A	3A
9. San Francisco	1A	3A
10. Kansas City	1A	3A
11. Boston	1A	2A
12. Mpls.-St. Paul	1A	2A
13. Akron	1A	2A
14. Pittsburgh	1A	2A
15. New Orleans	1A	2A
16. Baltimore	1A	2A
17. Buffalo	1A	2A
18. Toledo	1A	2A
19. Cincinnati	1A	2A
20. Duluth-Superior	1A	2A
21. Milwaukee	1A	2A
22. Memphis	1A	1A
23. Columbus	1A	1A
24. Peoria	0	1A
25. Omaha	0	1A

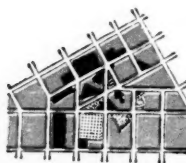
swiftly be paralyzed if their supply of gasoline were cut off. Possibly, germ warfare against farm animals and food crops would further increase the disaster.

The obliteration of the national

government, combined with the decimation of emergency staffs in the target cities, would leave the country with no recognized authority to take the lead in meeting the crisis. The destruction of our financial world would disorganize the nation's economic motivation, and remove another of the fundamental essentials for law and order. The killing and injuring of key personnel in our leading 25 cities would in itself tend to paralyze the nation, and would intensify each of the other disaster aspects.

Nor is this all. The threat of paralysis grows every year. Soviet stockpiles of nuclear weapons are growing. The destructive force of the bomb is growing, too. The first Hiroshima bomb exploded with sufficient force to destroy brick buildings  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles away from ground zero. The 1952 hydrogen bomb increased that radius to seven miles. On March 1, the U.S. exploded an improved hydrogen bomb 600 times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb, almost twice as powerful as the scientists had expected.

The Table shows a raid that would be well within the capacity of the Soviet Union in 1957. Such



a raid would make casualties of 20 million of the 30 million inhabitants in the 25 target cities. Eleven million of

these would be injured. How would they be cared for when two-thirds of the civil defense organization, two-thirds of the medical personnel are themselves casualties? How would the survivors be provided with shelters and food—not merely for a day or two, but during whatever period of disorganization follows?

What is being done to meet the accelerating threat? Here are some current proposals:

1. *Modify the structure of future buildings so as to reduce damage from bombing.* The scientists working on Project East River made the statement: "The application of defense standards to new building only, during a ten-year period, could have reduced urban vulnerability by approximately 20%." As far as meeting the problem, then, bombproofing seems almost negligible; the explosive power of the bombs is growing at a much faster rate than 2% a year.

2. *Disperse vital industries so as to reduce the concentration of populations and structures below the level justifying nuclear bombing.* Even if dispersion were appropriate, it is inherently so slow that it has no chance of meeting the problem. Remember that the magnitude of the threat, already potentially fatal in 1954, promises to be multiplied in three years. To meet this, Val Peterson, Civil Defense administrator, says, "There may not be much overall reduction the first

year or the second or the third. . . ."

We are going the wrong way anyway. Scientist Ralph Lapp has pointed out that "industrial concentration has actually increased since the war, and today our industrial vulnerability is about 20% higher than on V-J Day."

Even if dispersion were not matching a sleeping tortoise against a racing automobile, the proposal does not meet the threat of the kind of bombing attack we have been discussing. In this, the primary target is the paralysis of the nation rather than the destruction of its factories. The bombs appear to be quite adequate to destroy the vital center of each of the 25 major metropolitan areas of the U.S. If those centers were destroyed, and if coal, gasoline, oil, electricity, and repair facilities were largely cut off, the dispersed plants would be quite useless.

3. *Build bomb-proof air-raid shelters.* Here again we are running behind time. Air-raid shelters were valuable in the 2nd World War, but today they might well prove to be death traps. The local raids of the past left rescue crews free to dig survivors out of the wreckage, and then to get life going again with the help of resources from unbombed areas. But if the aim of national paralysis is even

partially achieved, the people in the bomb shelters, if and when they emerge, will find themselves facing fire-storms, starvation, epidemics, and anarchy.

4. *Evacuate populations from target areas in time of danger.* This would require advance setting up of housing arrangements outside the target areas for tens of millions of people, storage of food supplies for at least their initial needs, and advance provision of transportation to move these millions within the warning period. It would require provision for feeding them for some time after the target cities had been smashed, railroads and truck lines paralyzed, and our financial centers and national capital obliterated.

To house and feed the 30 million inhabitants of the 25 target cities would be several times as large an undertaking as housing and feeding all the armed forces of the U.S.

The objective of the mass raid would be to paralyze, disorganize, panic, and starve the U. S. If it were successful, the salvaged armies of refugees would be without any dependable and continuing sources of food, without major transportation facilities, and cut off from the resources needed to make any appreciable start toward reconstruction.

Every time you turn green with envy, you're ripe for trouble.

Lansing State Journal (18 Apr. '54).



## Joseph Is a Name for Bishops

*The Holy See's yearbook shows that a fifth of all American bishops have the name of Mary's spouse*

By MAURICE QUINLAN

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

**O**UR LADY's year is also very much the year of her spouse and protector St. Joseph. The Holy See's yearbook, *Annuario Pontificio*, gives the baptismal names of the popes who have reigned during the past 1,000 years. Only one Joseph is named, but it is surely appropriate that Joseph Sar-to, St. Pius X, was canonized during the Marian year.

This might indeed be called the century of St. Joseph. Probably never before have so many prelates borne his name. Cardinals Pizzardo, van Roey, Rodriguez, Frings, Mindszenty, Bruno, Siri, and Wendel all have Joseph as their first Christian name, and Cardinal Roncalli, a successor of St. Pius X in the patriarchal see of Venice, has St. Joseph as his second patron.

Look at the episcopal Josephs in the U.S. There are 40 of them. This year, for the first time, the U.S. hierarchy reached 200. Who was the 200th? Why, of course, Bishop Joseph Annabring of Superior. Forty out of 200 is certainly a remarkable percentage, and there

are more American episcopal Josephs in missionary lands.

The *Annuario* takes an obvious pride in naming the Josephs. Often it gives archbishops and bishops only one Christian name, but if they have Joseph as their second or even third name, down it goes in the papal record.

Time after time you will come upon John Josephs in the episcopate (always in that order, never Joseph John). John is, in fact, the second most numerous name among the prelates. It is one of the present Holy Father's names. His Holiness, like many another Italian boy, received also the name Mary in Baptism.

San Francisco's archbishop is John Joseph; Cincinnati's is Charles Joseph; Kansas City's is Edward Joseph. The Archbishops of New Orleans and St. Louis both have Joseph as their first Christian names, and the St. Louis archdiocese has St. Joseph as one of its suffragan sees.

Since the war, the Holy See has called upon two American prelates

\**St. Benedict, Ore. August, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.*

to conduct difficult ecclesiastical diplomatic missions in Europe. Archbishop Hurley of St. Augustine, Fla., served gallantly as papal regent at the nunciature in Belgrade until Tito forced him to go. Archbishop Muench of Fargo is papal nuncio in Germany. In each case, it was a Joseph called to serve and protect the Church.

No American cardinal has Joseph among his names, but Cardinal Spellman has two Josephs among his auxiliary bishops, and at one time he had three. The first of Cardinal McIntyre's auxiliaries is Joseph.

Josephs have been and still are in the episcopal front line in the battle against communism. Cardinal Mindszenty was the first member of the Sacred College to be imprisoned by the Reds. Soon he was followed into prison by another Joseph, Archbishop Grosz of Kolocsa. In a secret jail is the hero of Prague, Archbishop Joseph Beran, whom the communists have not dared to bring to trial. In some other Czechoslovak jail is Bishop Joseph Hlouch.

Earlier this year, Archbishop Joseph Chou-Chi-shih of Nanchang died in jail. It was he whom the communists invited to become "head" of the "independent church." They said he would be "pope of China." He joked about it, saying he must decline their offer because they had not invited him to become Pope of the uni-

versal Church. Thereupon, they clapped him into jail.

In the same tradition of loyalty to the Holy See are three Josephs whose dioceses follow one another alphabetically in the *Annuario*: the Italian Bishop Joseph Maggi of Hanchung; the French Archbishop Joseph Deymier of Hangchow, and the Italian Archbishop Joseph Rosa of Hankow. All three were expelled by the communists. Next to these *H's* comes the diocese of Hanyang. There is no Joseph there, but Hanyang's Bishop Edward Galvin was expelled from China.

So many episcopal Josephs are or have been in jail that St. Joseph might well be called the patron of the imprisoned.

There is a remarkable alphabetical succession of Josephs whose dioceses begin with the letter *H*. Begin with Halicz (the Ruthenian rite name for the Polish Lwow) and you will find: Halicz, Archbishop Joseph Slipyi (a prisoner of the Reds); Halifax, Canada, Archbishop Joseph Berry; Hamilton, Canada, Bishop Joseph Ryan; Hanchung, Bishop Joseph Maggi; Hangchow, Archbishop Joseph Deymier; Hankow, Archbishop Joseph Rosa—five in a row. And soon afterwards come: Helena, Montana, Bishop Joseph Gilmore; Heng-chow, China, Bishop Joseph Wan Tsu-Chang; Hexham and Newcastle, England, Bishop Joseph McCormack; Hildesheim, Germany, Bishop Joseph Machens.



Another interesting alphabetical group is found among the V's: Visakhapatam in India; Viseu in Portugal; Viterbo in Italy; Vitoria in Brazil; Vittoria in Spain, and Vittorio Veneto in Italy. Only Viterbo has a bishop whose first name is not Joseph.

Josephs are episcopal pioneers, too. The first non-Italian in modern times to be appointed vice-camerlengo of the Church is Bishop Joseph da Costa Nunes, formerly Patriarch of the East Indies (whose recently named successor as patriarch is also named Joseph). Africa's first Negro bishop is Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka. The first Negro Bishop of Accra, West Africa (successor of American Bishop Noser) is Bishop Joseph Bowers. Yakima, Washington, is now ruled by Bishop Joseph Dougherty, its first bishop. When Honolulu was made a diocese in 1941, Msgr. Joseph Sweeney, still there, was named its first bishop.

Another pioneer episcopal Joseph was at his consecration the youngest bishop in the world. He is Bishop Joseph Perniciaro, first Ordaining Bishop of Piani dei Greci, a diocese formed in 1937 for those very interesting inhabitants of Sicily, descendants of refugees from Albania in the 15th and 16th cen-

turies, who belong to the Byzantine rite. (Some of the Italo-Albanians form communities in the U.S.A.) When he was appointed, Bishop Perniciaro was only 30.

Episcopal Josephs abound in many other countries. In Canada, for example, you will find that about one in four of the archbishops and bishops bear the name. In Germany, the Josephs number 13, including the two cardinals of that country.

After all this, it is not surprising to see that the list of archbishops and bishops who rule dioceses begins with Bishop John Joseph van der Velden of Aachen, and that the list of bishops of titular sees ends with Bishop Francis Joseph Fischer of Zuri.

It was a little disappointing to find that the first Zulu Bishop, Bishop Dlamini, of the new diocese of Umzimkulu in South Africa, is not a Joseph. But wait. Look again, and you will see that St. Joseph had a hand in this. Bishop Dlamini is a member of the Congregation of the Franciscan Servants of St. Joseph, and his appointment was announced in the Catholic newspapers on the feast of St. Joseph.

Do people still say that St. Joseph is a "neglected saint"?



It is easy to see through people who make spectacles of themselves.

*Washington Post & Times Herald*

# How to Win an Argument

*There's only one way: change the other man's mind; but there are six rules to follow in doing that*

By LOUISE LEVITAS

Condensed from *This Week*\*

THE BIGGEST argument of our time was debated for two months this spring in 10 million American living rooms. Two months and two million words of testimony, points of order and ripe rhetoric; but the questions raised in the Army-McCarthy hearings are still being argued.

Perhaps never before has it been shown so dramatically that the great American indoor sport of arguing is a frustrating business. The trouble, according to two professors of public speaking, is that few of us know how to *persuade*.

Professors Alvin C. Busse and Richard C. Borden, formerly of New York university's speech department, discovered by listening to you and me that there is only one way to win an argument. And it took them seven years to find it out.

Their researches started one day when Professor Borden was coaching an N.Y.U. student debate on one of those perennial collegiate topics, "Should Capital Punishment Be Abolished?" As he listened, he realized that, although his students had learned to argue elo-

quently, they weren't convincing anybody.

"Not one of the debaters," he says, "even tried to win over the fellow who disagreed with him. They were each working for the applause of the people in the audience who already held the same opinions. Actually they were *losing* every argument."

This problem had also bothered Professor Busse. The two joined forces to search for a textbook that would teach what was lacking: the art of persuasion.

To their surprise, there wasn't any. No one had written the secret by which arguments are won. The professors decided to discover this secret for themselves.

To do it scientifically, they collected in the seven years, 10,000 arguments; they lingered around smoking rooms, ball parks, taxi stands. But the best place for their research, they found, was in the business world; because in business there was always a clear-cut index of who won the argument: a sale was either made or it wasn't.

Firms like R. H. Macy's, West-

\*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Aug. 1, 1954. Copyright 1954 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

inghouse, International Nickel and others cooperated, enabling the two professors to eavesdrop on store-counter conversations and salesmen's calls. And so, at the end of their researches they had recorded by the thousand such battles as a department-store customer insisting that the store should take back a garment already worn and laundered; a tenant arguing with his landlord; a man and his wife wrangling about how to paint a room; two taxi drivers berating each other over a parking place.

All the amateur debaters worked themselves to monumental exasperation, and got nowhere. Even less successful were professional debaters, especially politicians campaigning for office and UN delegates arguing international principles. An average Fuller Brush salesman could do a more effective job of persuasion.

What did salesmen do that the other arguers didn't? The professors winnowed out six rules that passed the test in all 10,000 cases. Here it is, the secret that could save marriages and preserve friendships. And if the disputants in the Army-McCarthy hassle had observed these rules, the issue might have been quickly settled.

1. Listen to the other man's opinion before you answer him. You may know what he's going to say, and you may have the perfect retort, but if you interrupt him and drown him out you will lose the

argument. No matter how good your case sounds to you, he will stop listening as he becomes preoccupied with what *he* wants to say, and more and more irritated at you for not letting him say it.

Thus, at the hearings—in the exchanges between Senators Symington and McCarthy, the argument became lost as each elaborately turned his back or left the room while the other spoke.

2. Inquire before you answer. Instead of attacking your opponent's opinion right away, ask him more about it. Inquiry will make him pause and grope for facts—and a lot less certain of his stand. Because it is a basic courtroom technique, this rule was observed by the lawyers of both sides—to great effect.

Recall how, under the questioning of Committee Counsel Jenkins, both Secretary Stevens and Army Counselor Adams hesitated and groped for concrete proof of their charges. Joseph Welch's seemingly innocent inquiries (for instance, about the indispensability of Private Schine) had a similarly upsetting effect on McCarthy and Cohn.

3. Restate the gist of each point your adversary makes. This will reassure him that you are following everything he says, and make him more ready to listen to you. And if some of his claims are true, concede them right away so that he won't repeat himself.

It is obvious from the length of

the hearings that both sides generally tossed this rule in the ash can. On rare occasions, concessions were made: for instance, Senator McCarthy once granted that there were flaws in Schine's propaganda proposals. Mr. Welch, exclaiming, "Touché!" admitted that service without salary—in Schine's case as well as his own—did not necessarily make for irresponsibility. For the most part, though, whenever one side's testimony was summed up by the opposing counsel, it was for the purpose of distorting that testimony.

4. Stick to the point. Before you begin your attack, you must get the other person to agree that your disagreement centers on one key issue. The charges were that McCarthy and his staff used improper pressure to get favors for Schine; and, on the other hand, that the Army tried to use Schine as a "hostage" to smother the Monmouth investigation.

Underlying these charges, the key issue was whether or not any means are justified for the end purpose of catching communists.

But much of the battle was waged on such questions as who shined Schine's shoes; do white squares make a friendlier chart than black.

To head off digressions like those which choked the hearings, you can suggest postponing their consideration "for the time being." Then get back to the key issue. If

you have to argue on two questions at once, your chances of changing your opponent's opinion are cut in half. The only way you can win an argument is to change the other man's mind.

5. Present your side of the argument calmly and pleasantly. If you've followed the rules this far, your adversary has had plenty of chance to talk. He has also exposed all the evidence on his side, and you can now demolish it point by point.

Speak calmly on your position, and the average person, however excited, will eventually react to your manner by calming down, too. Obviously an angry person is not open to persuasion.

The snarling pandemonium that characterized the Army-McCarthy conflict was occasionally—and effectively—silenced by the reasonable tones of both Messrs. Welch and Cohn. Generally, however, the air vibrated with insults, such as: "*Mister* Adams to you, senator!" "Sanctimonious Stu!" and "You better go to a psychiatrist!"

6. The way to cinch the argument is to use the testimony of a neutral third person. In a courtroom, the argument is always won by the lawyer with witnesses. In a business argument, the salesman cites the experience of other users of his product.

The lesson is clear when you recall that from the opening tap of Chairman Mundt's gavel, the irri-

tation on both sides mounted. There was no effort to find a neutral source of information. Even the documents were partisan—the cropped photo, the black-vs.-white charts.

What would have happened if

*both* the Army and pro-McCarthy debaters had followed these rules? Which side would have won? **The** one that was right, according to Professors Borden and Busse. For if anger and egotism are eliminated from argument, reason may prevail.

## • • In Our Parish • •

**In our parish** John Murphy was known to be both well off and not too eager to contribute. One Sunday he came up to Tom Flaherty after Mass.

"Tom," he said, "I did a terrible thing. I dropped a \$10 bill in the collection box instead of a \$1. Do you suppose I could get it back?"

"Why sure," said Tom. "Just go and see Father."

They walked around the church to the sacristy door. But then Murphy lost his nerve. He turned around and walked away.

"What's the matter?" said Flaherty.

"Shucks! I gave it to God. The H— with it!"

**In our parish** Mr. Dolan had the misfortune of driving his car off a bridge and drowning in the river. When his will was probated, the parish learned he had left \$100,000 to his widow.

The next day Mrs. Dolan, dressed in a new outfit, was accosted by her neighbor, "\$100,000 is sure a lot of money for a man to leave who could neither read nor write."

"Nor swim!" said Mrs. Dolan.

**In our parish** hardly a day passed without at least one fight on the school playground. The trouble was little Johnny O'Brien. He was so quick-tempered that many of the larger boys would often purposely bait him just to see him fly into one of his rages.

Finally, at the end of her patience, Sister Helen Mary brought the tearful but defiant Johnny and his latest adversary up to her desk.

"I'm sick and tired of this continual fighting," she said severely. "I want all of you to stop picking on Johnny. And as for you, Johnny, if you must fight, hereafter you will arrange to do it on Saturdays and Sundays."

Removing a grimy fist from his eye, Johnny retorted, "I was raised better than to fight on Sunday."

D. O. Flynn.

# Don't Baby the Old Folks

*Treating them like the adults they are will help them to live longer and be happier*

By MARC H. HOLLENDER, M.D., and  
STANLEY A. FRANKEL

Condensed from *Today's Health*\*



**I** JUST don't understand my dad," the millionaire was saying. "He devoted his life to me. We were always poor, but he somehow managed to give me an education. Now, I've made a lot of money and I want to take care of him. But he won't take it easy. He gets up early in the morning, takes a bus to a tailor shop a mile away, and spends four hours a day pressing pants. Comes home every afternoon dead tired.

"People say that I'm a skinflint who makes his old dad press pants for his keep."

I asked my friend if his father was in good health.

"Well, physically, he's in great shape for a man of 83. Mentally, though, he's slipping badly. Take this crazy business of working over a pants-pressing machine . . ."

Here was a typical case of a well-meaning son trying to overprotect his aging father. Actually, his father knew what he was doing.

The son had completely missed the point. The old man did not work primarily for money. Rather, he wanted to prove to the world and to himself that he was neither useless nor unimportant.

Work was probably the one thing that kept him healthy and happy. Retirement to Florida, to seclusion, to peace and quiet might only have meant emotional problems, perhaps more rapidly failing health, and an earlier grave.

It is as unwise to overprotect our aged parents as to overindulge our children. Overprotection makes older people feel that you regard them as incompetent, incapable, or inferior. Certainly all of us, at any time from the cradle to the grave, enjoy being babied. But there's a limit. Too much babying makes us feel inadequate.

It makes little difference whether the older person has just enough money to live on or if he has a fortune. It is contrary to the Ameri-

\*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. August 1954. Copyright 1954 by the American Medical Association, and reprinted with permission.



can character to quit work entirely. We must constantly be doing something that proves our continued competence and worth.

The mayor of a large Midwestern town told us about one old-timer who had worked for his election campaign without pay. This old man rang doorbells, sealed letters, handed out pamphlets day and night during the final month of the campaign.

Soon after the election, the mayor received a phone call from his worker and braced himself for the expected favor, perhaps the fixing of a traffic ticket or a plum for the old man's son. But the old gentleman wanted none of these things. He wanted a job, not just a title but some official duty that would give him something definite to do.

The mayor, breathing easier, told the old man that the only city job available was a part-time assignment as assistant plumbing inspector. Paying only \$2,000 a year, the job had gone begging. The old man grabbed it. During the next two years he devoted ten hours a day, six days a week to the "part-time" chore. His long, conscientious reports revealed more detailed and careful investigation than the mayor had ever seen. The money came in handy, to be sure; but the chance to contribute something at his age meant even more, and he told the mayor that he never felt better in his life.

"What harm," many younger

people have asked, "can come from overprotecting our parents?" First, you can injure the pride or self-esteem in the old person himself. Performing any useful or meaningful task often sustains one's inner sense of worthiness.

One man started as a toolmaker, many years ago, and wound up as foreman of a special assembly line. At the age of 70 he was retired, and his son, who had followed in his footsteps, was named his successor. One afternoon, six months later, the son was walking through another section in the plant and was astounded to find his father working a lathe, the same job he had held when he broke in 40 years before. The old man was proving to himself that he was as good as ever. The father took more pride in the knowledge that he could still turn out a good day's work than in his 40-year gold watch or his foreman's assignment.

A second danger in overprotection is the risk of making a permanent, hopeless dependent out of someone who might otherwise put in many years of worth-while service to society. With dependency often goes despondency, a grumbling acceptance of existence which makes life miserable for him as well as for his well-meaning children. As retirement begins to chafe, many older persons begin to feel that they have been forced out of active life by someone who wanted to take over their position. The re-

sult is sometimes a dictatorial, uncompromising attitude which gets progressively more unreasonable and intolerable.

In other cases, being overprotected causes some people to give up trying. They drop back into a state of vegetating rather than active living, and cease to be a part of what was formerly a happy, well-rounded family life.

Much has been written recently about what a mistake it is for industry to set up arbitrary retirement ages of 60 or 65. It has been proved that some men are still active and vigorous at 70; while others are through at 50. Each case is individual. When you automatically retire someone because he has reached a certain age, you may condemn that man to an earlier grave.

The latest plans are to retire a man *to* something rather than *from* something. This sort of "retirement" may mean only a slowing down of activity, switching to a lighter or perhaps half-time job. Some companies train their people for retirement, working with them several years in advance of retirement age in order to give them hobbies or new trades that they can pursue when they do retire.

A boy of 15 told an interesting story about his grandfather. Grandpa formerly delighted in romping with the boy, then about eight or nine, taking him to the zoo, the baseball game, the park. Grandpa's

only regret was that he could be with his grandson only on Sundays, since he worked pretty hard the other six days a week. He often mentioned to the youngster that one of these days he would retire, and then he'd have all the time in the world to give to him.

Grandpa did retire a few years ago, but things did not work out according to plan. Jimmy and Grandpa saw less and less of each other. Grandpa didn't have his old pep. He avoided taking Jimmy anyplace that represented a physical hardship. No more walks in the park, no more shoving past crowds in the grandstand of Yankee stadium. Grandpa seemed to decline in health, needed more sleep; his mind wandered. Jimmy's parents were even afraid to let him take Jimmy anywhere unless they were along.

Doctors are coming more and more to recognize the tonic value of work. Many doctors now hesitate to tell a person to quit his job and take it easy. Even cardiac patients often do better with light work to occupy them than they would sitting around and worrying. Anxiety may increase the load on the heart muscle far more than light work. A 69-year-old painter in an old people's home, a patient with heart disease, was told that he would have to stop work completely.

"I have come here to live, not die," he said.

He was so positive about it that his physician permitted him to paint a few hours daily. His heart condition has not changed appreciably in the past three years. Moreover, the painter is a happy man, a man who is living, not just marking time.

What has been said for men also holds for women. Families stop coming over for Sunday dinner, saying, "It is too much for mother." Instead of letting her cook, they take her out to dinner. They think that they are doing her a favor. They do not realize that they are depriving her of a task of love from which she derives considerable pleasure.

Most people, young as well as old, are more comfortable about receiving help when they can give something in exchange. Old people are particularly sensitive about favors, because often they are unintentionally put in the position of

receiving help they are not permitted to repay. But if they are allowed to contribute something, too, either to a person or to society, then they will be more receptive to the aid that their age makes inevitable.

Younger people, in their efforts to be helpful and considerate, usually jump to assist the aged or partially crippled older person. If there is a real reason to do so that is one thing. If there is not, it often makes the person feel too helpless. You must know where to draw the line. How much is necessary? When should you restrain your impulse to overprotect? Take whatever cues are offered. When an older arthritic who has some trouble getting about pushes your supporting arm away, don't persist in your effort. She is trying to say, "I can still manage and I take pride in what I do. It is important to me!" Respect her wishes and her rights.



## Flights of Fancy

Landing barge scratching its chin  
on the beach.

J. E. Scicluna

Light rain leaving a mist of seed  
pearls on our clothes.

Tom Hanlon

Barnacled with habit.

Alexander Woolcott

She hindered him on with his coat.

Pamela Rogers

Wind shuffling the crisp leaves to  
deal them again.

Allyn Acosta

Winter wind clapping its hands on  
our cheeks.

G. H. Smith

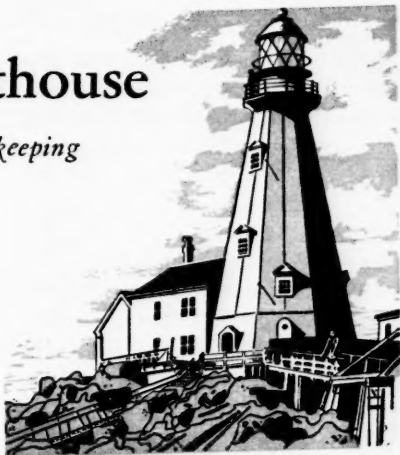
*[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]*

# Living in a Lighthouse

*It's a far cry from light housekeeping*

By DAVID MACDONALD

Condensed from *Maclean's*\*



**I**T WAS A bad winter's night. Margaret Tucker, the wife of the lightkeeper on Gannet Rock, watched her three small children playing on the kitchen floor. Outside the wind shrieked as it churned up the Bay of Fundy. Sleet rattled windows and beat a tattoo on the wooden shingles of the lighthouse.

Her husband Frank was up in the lighthouse lantern where a gigantic beacon winked its warning across black waters. Hard by, a fog-horn moaned dismally. But the only sound that troubled Margaret Tucker was a persistent pounding at the back door. It was the sea.

Suddenly, battered by a huge wave, the door flew open. A torrent of brine rushed into the kitchen, washed back like a breaker on a beach and—happily—slammed the door shut again. An inch of water covered the floor as the pounding began anew.

"Come," said Mrs. Tucker, lifting one child and shooing the others ahead of her, "we'll play in the living room till this blows over."

Gannet Rock is half an acre of

nothing thrusting up abruptly from the Bay of Fundy's depths. There isn't a blade of grass on it, not a trace of soil. Often, in angry moments, the sea sweeps over the entire island, casting spray a hundred feet in the air to the top of the lighthouse tower. The tower, like the Tuckers' home adjoining it, is anchored to the rocks by heavy steel cables.

In this unlikely setting Frank and Margaret Tucker have spent most of their married life, tending a light. They have a three-week vacation ashore but remain all the rest of the year on the rock. A supply ship may or may not call twice a month, depending on the weather. They rely on the ship for everything from round steak and clothing to nose drops and drinking water.

Three of their four children have known no other home but the

\*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. August 1, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

lighthouse. When the fourth, eight-year-old Frank, Jr., moved ashore to Grand Manan to go to school, he stared at a house and asked, "Where's the light?" He had trouble adjusting himself to schoolmates, too, for while the Tucker children see whales, seals, ships and storms, they don't see other kids. Even the light in their window means "Keep away."

Among Fundy's lightkeepers, inured to isolation though they are, Gannet Rock is regarded as a sea-girt Siberia. Margaret Tucker knows the feeling. Until she married Frank in 1943, she had never seen a lighthouse—"except on postcards." They spent three days of their honeymoon at a light station near Gannet.

"At night," she remembers, "we could see the light from Gannet Rock. I used to feel sorry for the poor people who had to live way out there—practically nowhere."

Four years later, a boat put them ashore at their new home—Gannet. Margaret Tucker gazed up at the light tower, and at Gannet Rock itself, hemmed on all sides by the sea. Her reaction was immediate, vocal and typical of a city-bred girl of 23. She said, "Oh, no!"

It was eight months before she got ashore again—to have her second baby, Linda, now six. And after that another 14 months crept by before she and Frank went ashore together for a holiday in Montreal. Since then she has come

to terms with lonely Gannet Rock.

"I used to hate every square inch of it," she says, "and if we were transferred I'd still pack pretty fast. But you can get used to anything—even loneliness. Sure, sometimes we get bored. Who doesn't? But most of the time we're too busy. I've got the family to look after and Frank has the light."

At first glance, looking after the light would seem to be the easier job. Frank, a boyish-looking man of 35 with a crooked grin and an overgrown crew-cut, has to see that his beacon is lit at dusk—a flick of the button and it begins flashing automatically—and turned off at sunrise. Comes fog, another button sets his foghorn to blaring through the mist. The diesel generators that power the light, and the great boilers that blow compressed air into the foghorn must be kept in good order, for their failure could cost lives. Once a year the tower and Frank's dwelling need painting and repairing.

Because someone has to be on watch 24 hours a day, in case fog rolls in or the light goes out, Tucker has two assistants to spell him: his father Cecil, a grizzled one-time fisherman, and young Harvey Greenlaw.

In physical terms their job amounts to semiretirement. The toughest task is simply being there. On Gannet Rock there's nowhere to go and the sights to be seen there—playful porpoises cavorting,

whales spouting, gulls diving at immense schools of herring, lightning dancing on the water and the ever-changing mood of the sea—soon become commonplace. It has none of the diversions of larger, less barren islands where lightkeepers can pick wild berries in their spare time, cultivate gardens, dig clams, collect gulls' eggs, gather queer-shaped pieces of driftwood for sale to tourists, or take their children swimming on the beaches. The opportunities for boredom are overwhelming.

"If there isn't any work to do," Frank says, "we make some." With time hanging heavy on their hands, lightkeepers have been known to polish the lenses of their lights each day for ten days in a row, or to scrape, paint and repaint one door a dozen times. Hobbies, too, help to chase tedium.

While Gannet Rock is an extremely solid chunk of real estate, it's easy to forget this when the waves come crashing over it. About ten years ago a new keeper went to the island with his wife. "Nice peaceful place," he told her. "You'll like it."

At last report he was still munching those words. Thirty solid days of storms, capped by a roaring hurricane that flooded their kitchen, sent them packing.

The Tuckers have had to bail out their kitchen several times. It's a disturbing experience but other threats trouble them more than the

sea. One is fire. Until diesel generators were put on the island last year, they nervously fed kerosene to the beacon in their wooden lighthouse. "A fire here would be a big success," says Frank. "There's nowhere to run but into the sea."

The sea and the rocks make it unhealthy for the Tucker children to stray outside their home. Sometimes in winter they stay indoors for five and six weeks at a time. Only in summer, when storms are fewer, do they get out regularly to play in a small walled quadrangle beside the house.

"Lighthouse families always seem to be close together," Margaret Tucker says quietly. "Not just physically either. We *feel* close, like a family should. Our house is more than just a place to eat and sleep. It's the center of our lives. Some of my happiest moments have been here, in winter, when it's blowing hard outside and we're all cooped up together."

Since the supply ship comes only twice a month, Mrs. Tucker has to plan all meals more than two weeks ahead. If she forgets something, they go without. "I forgot salt once," Margaret recalls, laughing, "so Frank boiled down sea water. I'll never forget salt again."

Storms may delay the supply ship as much as two weeks. It needs calm water to land at Gannet and even then it can be hazardous. A few years back a fishing boat brought Mrs. Tucker's grandmother



to the rock for a visit. She stepped cautiously into a dory, thence to shore. Then, in rapid order, her trunk was lost overboard and a sudden wave sat her down. She hasn't been back since.

Worse than being unable to land on an isolated island is being unable to get off it in a hurry. When seas are rough, broken arms and nagging toothaches become major ordeals. On each of the three occasions when Margaret Tucker has gone ashore to have babies she has played it safe by leaving two months early.

Lighthouse dwellers have a hard time convincing outsiders—city folks who feed on entertainment—

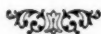
that they aren't slightly mad. Recently Cecil Tucker, the elderly assistant keeper at Gannet Rock, was coming ashore for a holiday when he got to talking about strange sights.

About a year ago, he said, he and his son Frank were keeping watch around 3 A.M. when they saw a round greenish glow that hovered over the water, then shot ahead. In fits and starts it circled the island.

"Flying saucers," he explained gravely.

Had they reported them?

Mr. Tucker snorted eloquently. "What's the use?" he said. "People'd only say we been living too long in a lighthouse."



### *Methods in Madness*

DOM PEDRO II, 19th century Emperor of Brazil, built an insane asylum with an inscription over the front door that read, "The Vain to the Foolish."

He had raised money for the institution by selling titles of nobility for \$10,000 each.

Eleanor Marshall.



A SHOPKEEPER in a small resort town popular with fishermen displayed a card in his window reading "Fishing Tickle." A vacationer called the merchant's attention to the error, but the old man just nodded.

"Hasn't anyone told you about it before?" asked the visitor.

"Sure," replied the old man, "lots of people have. But they always buy something when they drop in."

Alberta Calls (June '54).



JOEY ONCE WAS the sloppiest teen-age boy in Scarsdale, New York. Now, he always keeps his shirt tails neatly tucked in.

He's got a very clever mother: she sewed a pink and white lace ruffle around the bottom of all his shirts.

Shirley Harnett in *Pageant* (July '54).

# A Lady Hitchhikes to Rome

By IRINA GORAINOFF

Condensed from "God's Wayfarer"\*

IN THE September CATHOLIC DIGEST, Irina Gorainoff told of a pilgrimage from her village in southern France to Rome for the beatification of Pope Pius X. The pilgrims were to go by bus. Irina, with permission of her doctor and confessor, decided to go on foot.

*Illness delayed her start, so she relied on hitchhiking, picking up rides in French restaurants where truck drivers stop, and begging food and lodging along the way. But when she crossed the border into Italy, the trucks and cars became fewer.*

**T**HE ROAD lay in front of me, sunlit, shimmering, and marvelously beautiful. Every parcel of ground between the stones fed a starlike bunch of flowers. On my right, young cypress trees kept watch along the sea. Carnations here are sown and cut like grass, the crop being sent to the cities by air. All that beauty belonged to me alone, for no other human being

was to be seen anywhere. I must have walked about three hours when cars again began to pass. Siesta time was over.

A small gray Fiat stopped. The young man at the wheel was very handsome. He heard my story, and gave me a rather ironical military salute. His mother in Milan, he told me, was also a pious woman. He himself—no, not so much. (As he said "not so much," he took both hands from the wheel to gesture.) He had fought during the war in Russia. "The *Bersaglieri*, you know—ah, even the Germans respected us." Another sweeping gesture.

"Do you have many accidents?" I asked nervously.

"Yes—no . . ." His hands again zigzagged in the air to show that it really didn't matter. He continued the mad race along the road, passing trucks and cars on the right, on the left, heedless of blind curves. He continued to take both hands from the wheel whenever his words needed gestures. I peacefully sat through it all. I felt certain that if we smashed up, my pilgrim's soul would go straight to heaven. I was also glad to be cov-

\*Copyright 1953 by Irina Gorainoff, and reprinted with permission of Coward-McCann, Inc., New York City. 182 pp. \$2.50.

ering so much distance so quickly.

I got off at Genoa. I asked a pretty girl of about 19 if she knew of a convent that might give me a meal and shelter. I explained my mission. She didn't know of one, but insisted that I come home with her. She and her brother had bought a villa, and planned to take in paying guests during the season. They had just finished remodeling it. She hesitatingly asked if I would mind sleeping in the basement.

The villa was modern, pleasant, spotless. The basement was newly whitewashed and decently furnished with two beds, a chest, and some chairs. She brought clean sheets, pillow, and blankets. She invited me to bathe in a beautiful, modern bathroom. When I emerged, I hardly felt tired any more.

"Are you hungry? I don't know whether I can ask you to eat in the kitchen? My brother and I, we don't eat much in the evening." She led me to a kitchen that was as spotless as everything else in that house. She poured me a glass of wine, gave me some delicious soup, ham, fried eggs, and cherries. And I had been fearful of the reception I might get in Italy!

A neighbor girl came in and drank a glass of wine with us. "She is very unhappy," my kind-hearted hostess explained after the girl left. "She has been engaged seven years, and now her fiancé refuses to marry her. You must pray for her

when you are in Rome." Later she said, "I'll wake you at six tomorrow, and we'll go to Mass together."

Alone in my basement room, I thanked God for this relief. Then I slipped into my clean bed and went to sleep at once.

After Mass next morning, I thanked my kind benefactor, and started to walk about the city. Genoa gives the impression of being ultramodern. After the war, it was rebuilt with a kind of dashing elegance. Shop windows glitter like jewel boxes. Skyscrapers rise from the rocks like medieval watchtowers. Modernism in Genoa doesn't mean ugliness. Spacious, sunny, and windblown, harboring ships from all over the world, open to all currents of thought, Genoa breathes an age-long tradition of commerce, wealth, enterprise, and art.

Even though I was enchanted with all this beauty, my feet were beginning to ache when a large, old-fashioned car stopped at my hail. It was driven by a fat man accompanied by a platinum-blond woman. He agreed to take me as far as Spezia. I got in, and told him my little story as we rode.

"Rome!" he exclaimed. "That's where I am eventually going. But I must stop in Santa Margherita first. Yet I hope to make Rome by tonight." I was beside myself with joy. Rome tonight—Rome in one stretch, without stopping any more

automobiles! I suddenly realized how much it had cost my pride to do this. No more worry about food and shelter.

"Where did you learn to speak English?" the woman asked me.

"In Russia."

"In Russia!" the fat driver exclaimed. "I was born in Odessa!"

"And I was born in St. Petersburg. *Vi govorite po russki?*" (Do you speak Russian?)

"*Da* (yes), *Da!*" The man was beside himself with pleasure. "How good to speak Russian again! I left in 1919. Settled in Glasgow and sold Persian rugs. A very good business. And now I go to Palestine."

He arranged to drop me off in Santa Margherita. I had merely to kill time until his appointment there was over. He was to pick me up again in front of the Modern hotel. When it came time, I stationed myself outside. A few limousines drove up, but no old-fashioned car with a fat driver at the wheel. My happiness began to give way to doubt. Perhaps the gentleman from Odessa and his platinum blonde friend had changed their plans, or simply played a joke on me. I became more and more disturbed. I grew terribly thirsty, so I went in bravely and asked the bell-boy for a glass of water. Inside it was nice and cool. I sat in a big leather armchair under potted palms and drank the water.

Just as I was about ready to start



off down the road in complete discouragement, my new friend suddenly drove up. "I had almost given up waiting for you," I told him. He looked pained and shocked. I noticed that the blonde was no longer with us. She had been a hitchhiker, too, it seemed.

"My name is Mr. Sonchak," the driver said. "And yours, my dear?" I suddenly felt a very definite desire to remain anonymous. I didn't answer. "Well, never mind, my dear. You are coming to Rome with me, and I am very glad."

"So am I," I replied very seriously. Soon I had reason to feel more than glad—grateful. Mr. Sonchak, in his steady, old-fashioned car, was a godsend. The landscape suddenly changed, and became bleak. No dwellings were in sight. Instead, mountains rose steeply on all sides. The faithful old engine took the inclines in stride.

As Mr. Sonchak drove, very carefully, along the dangerous road, he

told me of his life. He had left Russia at 19. His family had scattered. One of his brothers died in a Hitler concentration camp. He himself had prospered in Glasgow. He had married twice, both times unhappily. Like the good Jew that he was, he wanted children, and both his wives had cared for nothing but luxury and comfort. Now he was hoping to find in Palestine the sweet Jewish girl who would be the mother of his future family. He asked me to pray in Rome that he might find her and that they would have many beautiful children.

We drove past Carrara, with its white dust and trucks loaded with large, incredibly thin slabs of marble. We passed through Pisa and on through a great pine forest. Our bishop had warned me such forests were still infested with deserters from all the armies of the war, and were most unsafe. I was glad of the safety of Mr. Sonchak's old car. He invited me to dine with him at a small-town restaurant, but I declined. He understood, and insisted that I take a bit of sausage and bread and cheese from the car. I did allow him to buy me a glass of Coca-Cola.

We had hoped to see the lights of Rome from a great distance, but night came on while we were still too far away. It was almost midnight when we suddenly found ourselves in the suburbs. The city was very dark. I had no idea that

the people of Rome retired so early. I asked Mr. Sonchak to drive me to St. Peter's. There were some rest houses near there which in 1950 took in pilgrims. We found them, but they were dark and shuttered, like all the other houses. Was I to be shelterless here at the goal of my journey?

A man and woman came up, and stopped at the doorway of one of the smart new apartment houses. They were a young couple just returning from a party. In my halting Italian I asked if they knew of a place that might take in a pilgrim. They urged me to speak in French, for they understood that language perfectly. I poured out the whole story of my journey. I asked if they knew of a small, respectable hotel that, for 700 lire, would. . . . They wondered, too. "Yes," the man said, "there is a small hotel near here, but at this hour. . . ."

His wife spoke up. "Madame has done such a beautiful thing. Why don't we ask her to sleep in our library, if she will excuse the disorder of our flat?" I bade good-bye to Mr. Sonchak, and followed the couple into their apartment. There was some disorder, but there were good pictures on the walls, and a great many books about. "Our name is Notta," my hostess said. "We have just come back from Argentina."

My bed was the sofa in the li-

brary. Signora Notta brought me a quilt, pajamas, and dressing gown. "Don't be astonished if our little son wakes you early. Tomorrow is his 7th birthday, and he's very excited." The Nottas insisted that I come back after morning Mass and have breakfast with them. I'll always remember the old priest with silvery hair who said Mass at one of the side altars of St. Peter's. My mission was now accomplished, and my heart sang with joy.

It was now Thursday, May 31. The other Jura pilgrims were due in Rome early that morning. I went to St. Martha's in Vatican City, where lodgings had been reserved for them. Whether one is Catholic or not, one cannot help but regard Vatican City as the real heart of Rome.

The Pope's soldiers, who guard the entrance, look exactly as if they had just stepped from a bright tapestry. Their uniforms, designed by Michelangelo, are composed of artfully cut strips of yellow, red, and purple cloth.

A slab on the wall at St. Martha's reminds people that St. Peter and St. Paul once trod this ground. Nobody paid any attention to it. I was told that the Jura pilgrims had not arrived, and were not expected till late afternoon. So I had won. I, who had trusted in charity, had arrived first. I could not help telling a nun about this, but she remained unimpressed.

"Look," she whispered, pointing to a little old lady dressed inconspicuously in black, "the niece of Pius X. Like her uncle, she is very charitable."

I decided to visit my sister-in-law, who lives on the Via Pinciana. I took a trolley car and proudly paid my fare. It may be good to be a pauper for a while, but I prefer Dame Frugality to Dame Poverty as a companion. It is good to be afraid of neither. Every conquered fear sets one free. That's why the saints mortified their bodies and wore haircloth. The fear of suffering once conquered, what persecutions need they fear?

My sister-in-law's butler opened the door. Sophie came out, beautiful as ever, calm and cool. She is 20 years older than I. Her life has been as serene as mine has been agitated. The only dashing thing she ever did was to marry, as a young Russian noblewoman, a young American consul she met in Spain. "We are having 180 people





for cocktails this evening," she told me casually.

I ironed the clean clothes I had in my bag, and lunched with the family. They all talked of the cocktail party. Nobody asked me anything. In Tolstoy's *War and Peace* there is a chapter where Prince André comes to Vienna to announce a glorious victory to the Austrian emperor. But nobody pays any attention to him or to the victory, which he had thought so important.

The Jura pilgrims finally arrived, and I joined them at the Vatican. Men were lighting cigarettes and women were chatting excitedly. They were about to get back into the busses which had brought them from France to go sightseeing about the Holy City. They offered to make room for me if I wished to go along.

"Here is Madame Gorainoff, who started for Rome on foot, one day before we did, and beat us here," the Catholic editor announced. He was the one who had given me both maps and encouragement, and he was glad to see I'd made it. The pilgrims all cheered. Most of them were peasants, small-bank employees, grocers. They told me of the bad weather they had in Switzerland. Melting snow fell in heavy masses from the mountains, blocking the road and hitting the tops of the busses. I was glad that I had taken the southern route.

The Jura pilgrims were just like most travelers I have known. They were in a great rush to see all the sights in the shortest possible time. We were herded about like sheep. We were pushed forward, regimented, squeezed into busses, shaken out of them. At night we would fall into bed, half senseless from fatigue. In the morning we would start all over again. "Santa Maria Maggiore. . . . Hurry up, please . . . famous mosaics. A pity one does not see them in this light. A ceiling of pure gold, brought from America by the conquistadors. . . . To your busses please. . . . Hurry! San Giovanni in Laterano. . . . Rome's first Christian basilica. . . . Scala Santa! No, we have no time to go up the steps. . . . Santa Croce. Genuine relics of the true cross. . . ." Our guide, a very young student of Rome's Ecclesiastical college, tries to jam into a few hasty sentences centuries of history, years of erudition. He has talked all afternoon, poor boy. His features are pale, his lips dry. His passion for Rome burns in his dark, expressive eyes.

We climb the Palatine hill, past ruins of ancient Rome. The sunset is breath-taking. A timid star twinkles high above in the darkening blue. A thin-sounding bell down below tinkles the Angelus hour. Night is falling. Rome is truly magnificent.

Next day we visit the catacombs. It is now proved, we learn, that

they were never used as secret meeting places, but as cemeteries only. There are miles of them, extending far under the modern city. What a field for meditation and prayer! Yet here again, haste prevents the pilgrim from drawing on the spot any benefit from what he sees. Later he can allow his impressions to ripen—if he takes the time. Small niches open out here and there. They have been made into chapels. As we go by, priests whisper Masses over relics of local martyrs. They raise the Hosts over rough, rustic altars made from ancient tombstones.

Each day I return to Sophie's house in the Via Pinciana. The butler opens the door, and I usually dine alone, for Sophie and her husband are usually at a party somewhere else.

A place is reserved for the Jura pilgrims in St. Peter's the day of the beatification. I must be there at 8 sharp. My streetcar does not come. What a shame if I were unable to get into St. Peter's, after coming this distance on foot. The

trolley finally appears, but there are maddening delays. At each major crossing the driver stops to smoke a cigarette and wait for the opposite car to arrive. I finally reach St. Martha's and rush in. Am I too late? No, the pilgrims are just about to leave for St. Peter's. Tickets for our reserved seats are being handed out.

At St. Peter's, a thick human carpet covers the entire floor of the great basilica. The 40,000 men and women gathered make that carpet very international in its weave: French, Dutch, Italian, English, German, Spanish, Austrian, American, Swiss, Portuguese, Mexican, Canadian, Belgian. Hymns are sung in Italian, French, English, and German. The whole wide world thus seems massed in the heart of Rome.

"Ah-ah-ah" suddenly breathes the crowd, as if the sigh had come from one chest only. The organ roars music by Palestrina, and the great procession enters. Cardinal Tedeschini is to officiate at the high Mass, but the Pope is present. While a monsignor reads in Latin



the Apostolic Brief proclaiming the beatification, I try to concentrate upon the life of Pope Pius X.

The Mass is over. The procession of Church dignitaries winds itself through the crowd again. Cardinal Tedeschini does not raise his eyes as he walks. His lips are moving; he is still praying. The basilica becomes all movement. Most of the pilgrims go up to the shrine of Pius X and say a prayer.

"Would you care to come back to France with the rest of us tomorrow?" my friend the Catholic editor asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"We are starting at 4 A.M., not a minute later. Don't be late."

The dusk of another day was falling, lavender-colored. As the crowds were moving out of the piazza, all heads were suddenly turned upwards. "The Pope has appeared at his window!" The cry of "*Viva il Papa*" rose from below, while above, like a cross in the sky, appeared the white-clad figure of the Pope, his arms outstretched in a farewell blessing.

I said good-by to my relatives in the Via Pinciana. We all kissed, and I felt like crying. "God knows when we shall see one another again."

I felt as if my past life, all my Russian life, was being left behind here. The family chauffeur insisted on rising early to drive me to my

meeting point with the pilgrims.

Day was dawning as people carrying suitcases hastened from St. Martha's. A nun, her starched bonnet wide as a bird in flight, stood at the doorway, wishing us God-speed. "Everybody in? Nothing left behind?" the Catholic editor was shouting. We drove past St. Peter's, this time for good. Farewell, Rome!

The trip back was uneventful. By evening we had reached Chambéry. We ate French food and slept in a French village. After Mass, the pilgrims began to say good-by to each other. Everyone was getting ready to return to daily life and thinking of daily business. Having reached their homes, people would put off their pilgrim's garb and feel themselves again. Would I?

I had lived my test of confidence. I had walked my victorious march. I would be a free woman for awhile, free of material servitude. At my relatives' house in Rome I had had a glimpse of my former life. That kind of life held no attractions for me any longer, despite the pain of parting.

The bus stopped to let me off. "Good-by!" they all shouted. "Give our regards to Monsieur le Curé," a group of priests called. We were at Navigna. I could easily walk to my home from there. I took my rosary from my pocket and started on the homeward road.

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## The Open Door

A NEW 7th-grade boy, George, moved into the neighborhood. He was measured, and accepted. He was a good sport and basketball player.

But he went to public school, while his promoter John attended St. Cyril's. St. Cyril's needed good players. John found that George's deceased father had been a Catholic, but his mother, stepfather, and the rest of the family went to no church.

John pleaded with Sister Mary to admit George to St. Cyril's, already overflowing. "But S'ter, he's tall, and a dead shot for the basket."

Sister still demurred. George was a non-Catholic; it would be unfair to admit him while Catholic children were waiting to get in.

"But S'ter, he really wants to be a Catholic like his dad. I'll help him along." John won. George was enrolled at St. Cyril's.

True to their promises, the boys studied religion together. By spring, George was baptized, his mother had

her marriage blessed and returned to her duties, and his little sister was baptized. O, yes, and St. Cyril's topped their basketball league.

Sister Mary Celestine, S.S.M.O.

BING CROSBY doesn't know it, but he led me into the Church. As a child, I attended Baptist Sunday school, but I stopped going to any church while I was still in my teens. My interest in Catholicism was first aroused by seeing such movies as *Going My Way* and *The Keys of the Kingdom*.

I saw *Going My Way* three times, and it made such a deep impression on me that I began asking questions at the store where I worked as a clerk. One of my fellow workers was a Catholic. He and his wife invited me to attend Mass with them. Such a feeling of reverence came over me that tears rushed to my eyes.

I took instructions, and was baptized. Shortly afterward, I was married; two years later, my husband was baptized.

Marjorie Oehring.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Continued from back cover

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*By Mary Roberts Rinehart*

Anne kept her earnings secret; afraid Fred would kill her. Then she lay dying of a bullet—with Fred beside her, dead! (One of 4 mysteries in book.)

**6 COLD POISON**  
*By Stuart Palmer*

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